THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1753

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

AUGUST 26 1933

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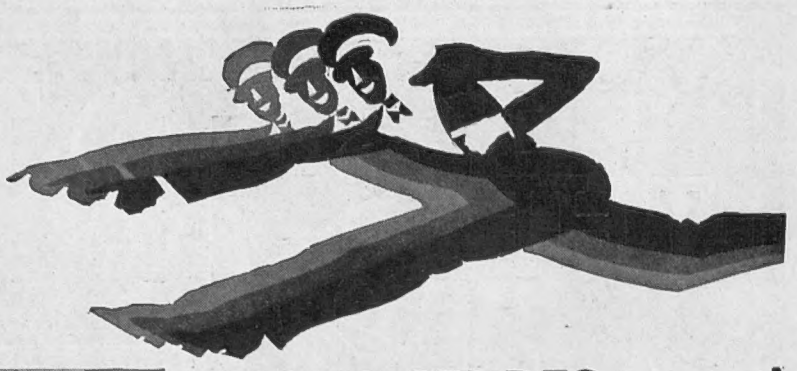

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Volume CXXXIV No. 1753

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 26, 1933

THE FURY of the MOB

Wreckage Strewn before the Presidential Palace, Havana, after the Mob had Sacked the Building of its Contents

On August 12 Dr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes became Provisional President of Cuba, and so brought to an end, amid riotous scenes, an eight years' regime of unexampled severity under General Gerardo Machado. Deserted by the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Police, and sought throughout the day by an infuriated mob, the deposed President eventually fled by 'plane to Nassau, in the Bahamas. Meanwhile the crowd wreaked their vengeance on the Palace, Havana's most imposing public building, tearing the tapestries from the walls, breaking the furniture, and carrying away everything movable as souvenirs. The remainder of the furniture was thrown from the windows to be dashed to pieces in the square below. Both the police and soldiery, probably realizing that resistance would be futile, allowed the mob-violence to work itself out. Fortunately, heavy tropical rain in the evening drove the crowds to shelter before even greater damage could be done. (Further crisis pictures from Havana appear on page 308 of this issue)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

HARBINGERS OF AUTUMN: Youngsters in Hyde Park watching the gardeners sweeping away the leaves which had fallen prematurely as the result of the hot summer and a low rainfall

A LONDON

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 23, 1933.

ETON'S LOSSES.

—Eton is stunned by the disaster which has befallen four popular members of her staff in the Alps; indeed, even now, the implications of this major disaster are hardly realized. It must make a great difference at Eton to many. The new headmaster and all concerned are faced with the loss, within a month of the new school year, of three house-masters whose places must be filled by younger men who have long since "budgeted" on attaining houses at a later date, and opened their lists to parents of potential Etonians of two years old and under on that basis. The whole system of Eton is shaken up and must be readjusted for masters, boys and parents alike. The dead men were all well liked, and all save Mr. White-Thomson contemporaries of between forty-five and fifty-five years of age. Mr. Powell was well known as a rowing man and coach. The devotion of schoolmasters in general and Eton masters in particular to climbing mountains is of long standing and widespread, and the mountains have taken a terrible toll of this vitally important and noble profession. No disaster of such magnitude has befallen Eton since the fire.

THE FITZPATRICK CASE.

—It sometimes happens that obscure individuals get their names by chance inscribed on the tablets of history. Captain Jenkins was such a one, or, at any rate, his ear. Mr. Fitzpatrick retained his ear after his famous struggle with the police officers, and indeed got the ear of the House and of the public, and a little niche in history. His misfortune has resulted in new rules being adopted for police on patrol duty. The issue, indeed, was never in doubt. A chain of small, important "ifs" can be traced back to link an "incident" with a "sensation." If a police officer in uniform had been handy, Mr. Fitzpatrick would have been convinced, would have "gone quietly," and been quietly released. If the plain-clothes officer's temper had not been ruffled by the struggle he would have handsomely apologized, and Mr. Fitzpatrick would have accepted handsomely that apology. And if the Home Secretary in his first reply in the House had behaved like a human being instead of like a bureaucrat-who-can-do-no-wrong, the case would have been forgotten then and there. The officer was very wrong not to have apologized humbly for a perfectly honest mistake. But let no man lightly sling mud at the police. Their lot to-day is not a happy one. Plain-clothes work is essential, and it is the *duty* of patrols to question suspected persons, and anyone of us *may* come within the category of "suspects" through a concatenation of circumstances, all individually innocent, yet in the aggregate suspicious. Lord Trenchard, mixing dignity with humanity and justice, has undertaken to prevent a recurrence of such incidents. Henceforward, every plain clothes officer must find some means of convincing the suspect of the fact that he is a police officer; if he arrest an innocent man he must make ample apology, and thereafter report to his superiors the mistake he has made. And that's that.

DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

—You are a busy grocer in a small way. Your assistant went on his holiday the first fortnight in July. You were to follow on his return. Suddenly you found yourself summoned for jury service. You were picked for a certain case, your excuses being waived aside. The case proved a teazer. You sat day after day for seven weeks. Your little shop was perforce closed down while your assistant was away. Your own holiday had to be cancelled and your lodgings, already paid for, sacrificed. At the end of many weeks mewed up in a box in a stuffy London Court during two heat waves, you returned to your ailing business, pale, puffy, worn out in body and soul, without a shilling's worth of compensation, to begin the year of toil again. It was just the luck of the draw. The duties which belong to citizenship of no mean city fell rather more heavily than usual upon you. An extreme instance but not a fantastic picture of an individual case among the twelve good men and true selected to try the Fire Insurance case. But it is not surprising that Mr. Justice Humphreys suggested that such a sacrifice should never again be imposed on unfortunate citizens of this realm.

HIGH COMMISSIONER.

—Sir Miles Lampson's appointment to succeed Sir Percy Loraine as High Commissioner for Egypt will give general satisfaction. It will relieve those who of late have shaken their heads over British interests in Egypt and it will comfort those who dread above all things a creature of the Foreign Office, in lieu of a strong man, in that difficult office. Sir Miles is a diplomat by profession admittedly, but he is a strong, determined, and self-reliant man and has constantly been in positions in which a mere go-between of the Foreign Office must have failed disastrously. In Egypt to-day the British High Commissioner is in one sense the permanent "doyen" of the Corps Diplomatique, and it is up to him still to guide and check the Court and Government to which he is accredited, with veiled strength and infinite patience and tact. To that end he must have a life's experience of the working of the Oriental mind and must be prepared to let all the credit for his advice and judgment accrue to those on whom he has delicately pressed it. Sir Miles is such a man.

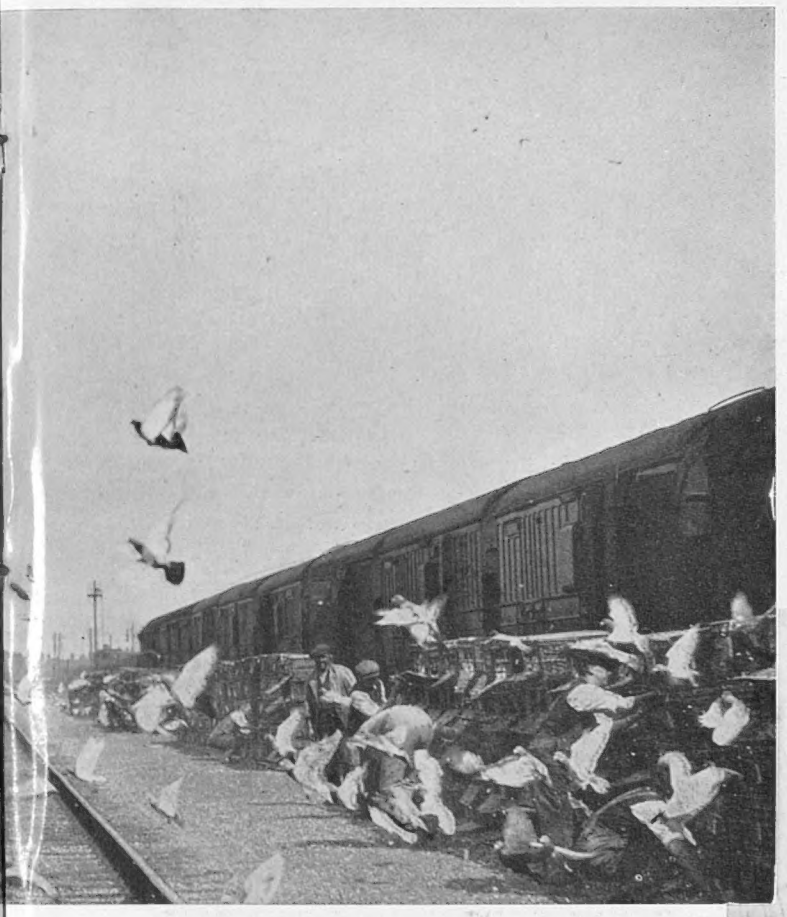
EMIGRATION AGAIN?—

It is unfortunate that the efforts of the C.P.R. to resume organized migration from the Old Country to Canada should coincide with the first public realization of the initial failure of the Victorian settlement scheme. The grievances of the British settlers in Victoria, Australia, have now been partially met and Sir S. Argyle, the Premier, recently announced the terms, which include considerable monetary payments. Any new scheme of emigration must be assured of adequate safeguards from the start before the Mother Country can endorse it. The interests of the Victorian settlers were too long neglected and the business has done no service to the vital cause of emigration. Otherwise, Mr. Beatty's feeler is significant, opportune, and very heartening. The C.P.R., of course, is deeply concerned with the paucity of Canada's population and has little to risk and much to gain from the entry into Canada of the right type of settler, which is *imprimis* the "best selected" Briton. The Crown lands in the north of Ontario are the locality which it is desired to colonize, and once the question of employment is settled there should be no difficulty in finding the full complement of fit families to resume at long last that much desired redistribution of population within the Empire. But the guarantees from the Dominion must be absolute and definite and must be implemented, as we on our side fulfil the tests of fitness for emigrants. It is heartening news, and though the suggestion thrown out is no more than a feeler, Mr. Beatty has hopes of actual results to benefit both sides of the Atlantic within two years. So has Mr. Thomas. Yet it seems to me the farmer of Northern Ontario must first find a market for his produce at an economic price before he can employ more labour or break up fresh soil. These things are at present to seek.

NORTHWARD BOUND: A general view of the scene at Peterborough Station of races to Redcar, West Hartlepool, Sunderland, and South Shields. 25 pigeons each, were emptied

NEWSLETTER

PLAY OR PAY? — The Lancashire Cricket League is in one respect the least attractive feature of the national game. The constituent teams have long been doing their utmost to commercialize the game and to break down the flimsy fabric of residential qualification. Appreciating the importance of the financial aspect of northern club cricket, the directorates take their cue from the Football League clubs and put a monetary value on every cricket star whom, after a nice calculation of net profit on the deal, they are prepared to bid for in the market as if he were a prize boar or a young bull. The all-rounder star is preferred, because if he fail as a bat he may yet satisfy the crowd he has drawn through the gate with the ball. Hence Maurice Tate has been bombarded with "offers" from these "buyers" and has grown tired of the tiresome business of assuring these commercial snobs of business-cricket that he is not to be "seduced" by their easy money. Lancashire, which for so many generations has had a name for all-round sportsmanship, has for some years been tarnishing its reputation in this effort to squeeze dividends from a noble game.



last Saturday when nearly 30,000 pigeons were liberated at the start During the morning over 1,200 baskets, containing approximately of their fast flying freight

GENERALSHIP.—After these last few years of futile peacemaking, it is almost refreshing—if only as a change from make-believe to realities and brass-tacks—to open a new book on the art of war. It takes some realizing, but so it is, that while the idealists wrangle and the theorists obstruct, and eternal peace is as far away a dream as ever, the military experts still sift the experiences of the late War and in new textbooks continue to teach the simple rustic how to die. There have been a great many war books and I for one grew sick of them. They contained too much self-justification, too much bile, and were too often methods of paying off old scores. And very naturally the staff got it in the neck from the front-line men, with the result that a reaction set in and sympathy began to be felt for the poor staffs and higher command. Now after a welcome rest comes General J. F. C. Fuller's courageous book, *Generalship: Its Diseases and Their Cure*. It is courageous because General Fuller is, I believe, regarded as one of the most brilliant soldiers of his rank alive and active to-day, and that being so he stakes his future in a fearless criticism of the old gang among the Higher Command which for so many years after the War controlled the active direction of the army.

GENERAL LUMBAGO.—General Fuller is a gifted writer. His prose reminds me of Sir Arnold Wilson's oratory. It is lucid, forceful, and scintillating with wit and epigram, all directed to the single aim of simple and direct explication. In his view the only way to win a modern war is to scrap the seniors and give the command of divisions, corps, and even armies to men in early middle life who are still keen to taste and capable of enduring the hardships of the front line. Anyone who had anything to do with communications during the War appreciates the arguments in favour of the directing centre of a battle being in easy reach of the front line. A battle directed from a château twenty miles behind the front was a battle between theory and practice. The real general was the battalion commander, who was often forced to disregard tardy orders from behind and to act on his own initiative. If he succeeded, he got any of the glory which G.H.Q. could spare. If he failed, he was broken as the cause of failure. General Fuller is determined that in the next war General Lumbago must be given a home command in Bedfordshire and younger fighting soldiers must have his job at the front. And he argues so gaily and so persuasively that one is (easily) convinced. But the old gang will not smile on his sacrilegious teaching and will, I fear, regard him as a dangerous man.

PUSEY HOUSE.—No, sirs. The clerical war-horses, who scent battle from my caption, need not prick their ears. There is no religious controversy here. I refer to the sale of Pusey House, that treasure, old as time, hard by Faringdon. A thousand years or so ago, Canute or Knut awarded this manor to stout William Pusey or Pewsey, or perhaps Pevensey, for his services against Ironside, to be held for ever on the land-tenure called cornage, of which the manor of Pusey is the last example. Knut, so tradition runs, gave Pusey a horn and all the land over which the note of that horn could be heard. That horn the family still holds. It was blown in the face of Judge Jeffreys and is (at least) as old as the Elizabethan age, if not quite as old as English History. For a thousand years the Puseys have owned their manor and held it against all comers and all chances. For centuries they sat under their thousand-year-old plane tree and drank their own strong brewed ale, and sent out their sons, nourished on that fine brew, into the world to fight battles for Church and State. But post-War England is the cemetery of tradition. I doubt if any higher price has been demanded by the "increased cost of living" than the breaking of this link with hardy Knut.

THE CONVENTIONAL GET-AWAY.—It is not so long ago that millions of money on which widows and orphans depend for a living was safely invested in the great public utility companies of Cuba. And yesterday Cuba went native, and a state of barbarism, unknown among savage races, existed there. Chaos was piled on chaos, and the only old-fashioned and conventional feature was the change of Government. In the time-honoured way the late President had prepared for his get-away; in the customary way he delayed his final departure so as not to compromise the cinema rights, and according to precedent he threw himself with the customary civilities on the protection of "that great nation" which holds his securities and makes possible for him a well-earned holiday among the European pleasure resorts. We are entitled to all the credit for sheltering and protecting ex-dictators of Latin States which we get, but I am sure we would to-day prefer to "take the cash and let the credit go." For the moment, things are better in Cuba, but British investors will for some time to come fight shy of that country as a field for investment.

CLAY CROSS-PURPOSES.—It is more distressing than piquant that the official British World-Ambassador of Peace should be opposed at Clay Cross by a National candidate. It is strange if Mr. Moores is really surprised that Socialists are suggesting that "a vote against Mr. Henderson will be a vote against peace." For that is merely a reasonable inference translated into an election slogan; that is, a theory distorted and exaggerated to catch weak eyes at election time. But the truth remains that it could hardly be in the interest of the National Government actively and officially to back and encourage Mr. Moores in his fight against Mr. Henderson. Whatever those who oppose his party-political views may think of Mr. Henderson as a man and as a candidate for Parliament, he is President of the Disarmament Conference and, as such, he ought not to be hindered if, as we suppose, he considers that his high aims will be furthered if he can address Parliament in session. I know that many people consider that Mr. Henderson is wrong in contesting Clay Cross, because his high office should remain divorced from party politics and is sufficiently onerous without the added worries of an M.P.'s life. But to oppose him at Clay Cross were a futile and undignified way of forcing the contrary view upon him. On the other hand, to judge by the simmering passions in Central Europe, in Ireland, and in South America, not to speak of the Far East, it does not appear very likely that Mr. Henderson will be actively engaged in constructive measures of Disarmament during the life of the present Parliament.

THE OLD STAGER

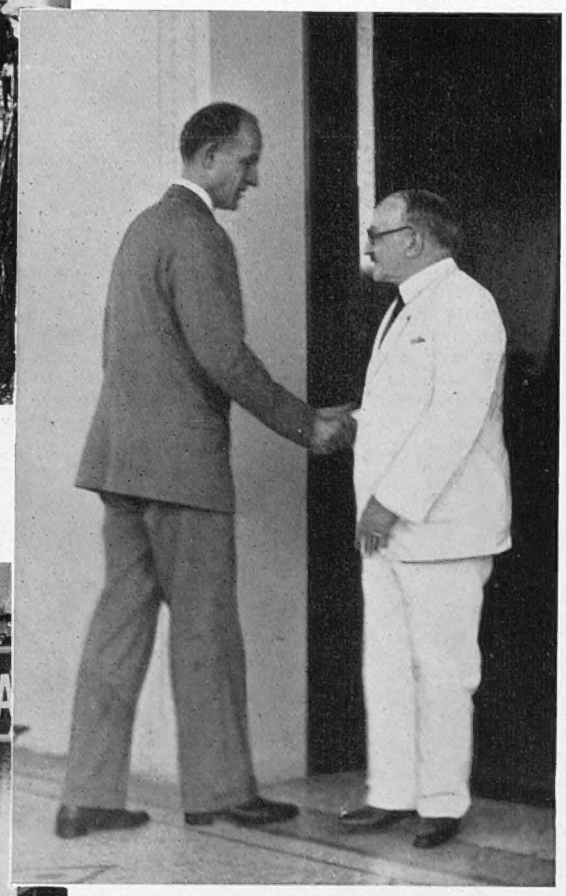
POACHERS OF THE SEA: The Boulogne motor-trawler *L'Agneau de Dieu* standing alongside *H.M.S. Godetia* after having been arrested and piloted into Lowestoft Harbour. Her skipper, Jules Lepretre, was fined the maximum penalty of ten guineas with seven guineas costs, for fishing within the three miles limit in the Thames Estuary—a practice which appears to be becoming frequent these days among French trawling vessels and which is said by the authorities to be causing considerable loss. During the court hearing it was urged in Lepretre's favour that twenty-five years ago he saved the lives of fifteen shipwrecked British seamen

CRISIS IN CUBA

Frenzied Mobs Loot Havana as President Machado Finally Falls from Power

GENERAL GERARDO MACHADO, Cuba's deposed President, seen after alighting from the 'plane which brought him from Havana to Nassau, in the Bahamas. General Machado's departure had been so hurried that he was left with only the clothes he stood up in. His first request on arrival was for the services of a tailor

AGITATION IN HAVANA: For several days before the flight of General Machado rumours of his resignation were current in the city. This picture was taken on August 7 when a large crowd demonstrated in front of the Capitol. Members of the police force, at that time still loyal to the regime, immediately opened fire and killed twenty-six and injured over a hundred persons. Some of the demonstrators are seen making their escape through the city



THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN CUBA, Mr. Sumner Welles, congratulating Dr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, son of one of Cuba's liberators, on his appointment as Provisional President of the Republic

THE OFFICES OF THE "HERALDO DE CUBA," the Republic's leading Government newspaper, seen after an infuriated mob had destroyed the machinery and thrown the furniture into the road. They afterwards set fire to the building

LOOT: Members of both the native and white population celebrated the fall of the Government with a general looting of business premises which continued unchecked throughout August 12

WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION: Another scene taken outside the offices of the Government newspaper, *Heraldo de Cuba*, after men with axes and crowbars had broken their way into the building

A GRIM TROPHY OF MOB VENGEANCE: Carting a dead Porrista through the streets of Havana. A systematic search was made throughout the city for members of this dreaded secret organization which is believed to have been responsible for many murders during General Machado's tenure of office

OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE: More mob-destruction as the furniture and effects from General Machado's former home were thrown from the windows to be smashed by the crowds

THE HERO OF THE HOUR: Lieutenant Villalon, the young officer who shot Colonel Jiminez, chief of the dreaded secret police, being chaired through the streets by a cheering mob

Reports on August 11 from Cuba, which had for some days been in the grip of a political crisis, indicated the probable retirement of General Machado in favour of General Herrera and the peaceful end of what is generally admitted to have been a tyrannical dictatorship. But it was not to be. The President showed no desire to relinquish his post and, in spite of repeated efforts to dissuade him, seemed bent on securing the intervention of the United States on his behalf. Thereafter the people of Cuba, maddened with hunger and the prospect of a continuance of the regime, took matters into their own hands. Mob violence broke out in Havana. The Army, Navy and Air Force deserted the presidential cause, and in a few hours General Machado and his Government were hounded out. The crowds made a clean sweep of everything to do with the hated regime, and after a day of hectic killing and wanton destruction finally allowed order to be restored. Dr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes is now at the head of affairs as Provisional President and a new scheme for relieving the national economic distress is being urged forward with all speed. President Roosevelt has ordered three warships to Cuba to protect U.S. citizens.

THE LAST VOYAGE of the "ARETHUSA"

The Famous Training Ship Arriving at the Woolwich Shipbreaking Yards

Many will regret the passing of the old *Arethusa*, which this week made her last voyage when she was towed from Greenhithe to the yards of Castle's Shipbreaking Company at Woolwich. For sixty years the vessel has been in service as a training ship for poor boys, and during that time has been instrumental in preparing some 12,000 of them for a career in the Navy and the Mercantile Marine. Her timbers, now that her working days are over, will be put to good use and, converted into furniture, will probably find their way into the gardens of many who have supported the famous Shaftesbury organization. Before the *Arethusa's* departure for Woolwich special precautions were taken to have the seams patched up above the water line, while a motor pump was installed to deal with any mishap which might occur during the voyage. Fortunately there was little traffic on the river, and the old ship made an uneventful passage.

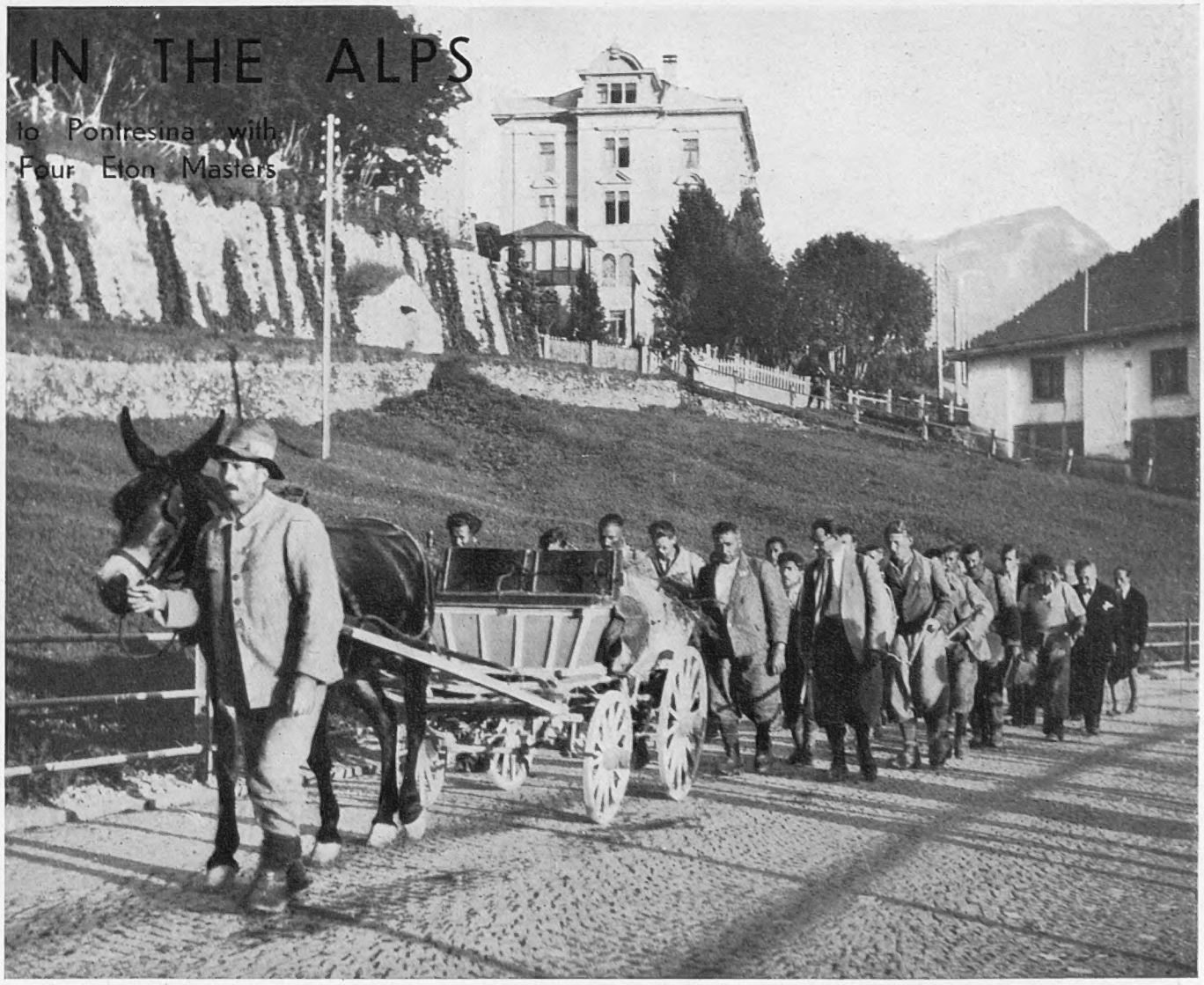
1849 TO 1933

The *Arethusa*, which has been afloat for over eighty-four years, arriving at the shipbreaking yards, Woolwich. A hearty welcome was given the vessel by the assembled workmen to whom the breaking-up means another twelve months' certain employment

DEATH IN THE ALPS

Guides Returning to Pontresina with the Bodies of the Four Eton Masters

News was received at Eton last week that four of the masters had lost their lives during an Alpine Expedition in Switzerland. The four men, all of whom were unmarried, were Mr. H. E. E. Howson, Mr. E. V. Slater, Mr. E. W. Powell, and Mr. C. R. White-Thomson. They had been staying for several days at Samaden, and had set out to climb the Piz Roseg, one of the most difficult peaks of the Bernina plateau. It is thought that at the time of the accident, when they were roped together, the men had slipped on a hard snow incline where their alpenstocks failed to grip. Mr. Edward Slater, who was educated at St. Paul's and Oxford, was a classical scholar and had been a master at Eton for over thirty years. Mr. Powell was a Cambridge graduate, a well-known oarsman, and an enthusiastic and experienced Alpine climber. Mr. Howson, who was both at Shrewsbury and Eton under Dr. Alington, was at King's College, Cambridge; while Mr. White-Thomson, the eldest of the three sons of the Bishop of Ely, was at Harrow and Oxford. He went to Eton as an assistant master in 1926.

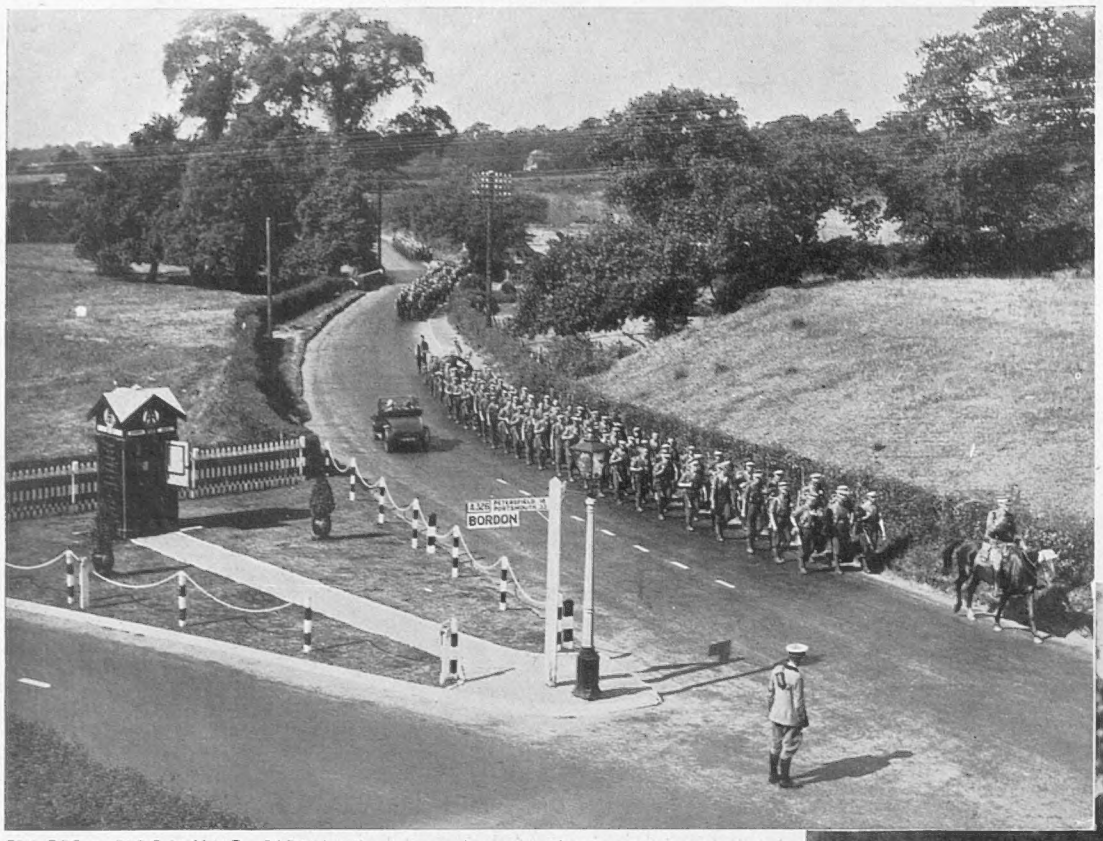


ARRIVING AT PONTRESINA

The mule-cart bier, followed by the weary guides, returning with the bodies of the four Eton masters who met their deaths while climbing the Piz Roseg

THE ARMY AT EXERCISE

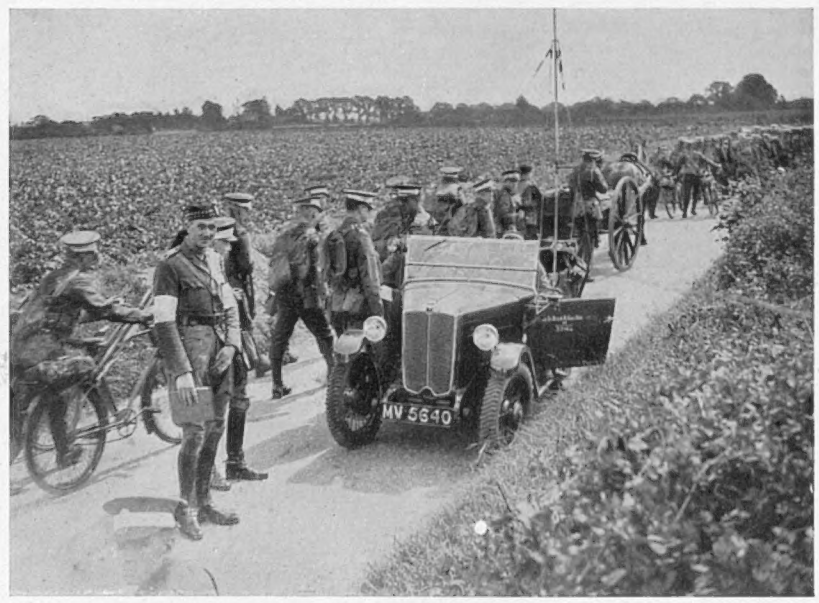
"Amphibious" Warfare in the Heart of Hampshire and Surrey—The Aldershot Area Becomes an Island—Eastland and Westland Troops in a Two Days' Action



TROOPS APPROACHING FARNHAM during last week's First Division Manœuvres. For the purpose of the occasion the Aldershot area, for a distance of approximately seven miles east and west and twelve miles north and south, was treated as an island with three main harbours at Odiham, Chawton, and Woking. An Eastland Garrison under Brigadier C. R. U. Savile, which included the 2nd Infantry Brigade (1st Royal Scots, 1st Duke of Wellington's, 1st Welch, and 2nd Northampton Battalions), defended the island against an attacking force under Brigadier T. G. Dalby. On the second day the more critical stages of the fighting were watched by General Sir Charles Harington

ANOTHER TYPE OF CARDON LLOYD TANK seen during manœuvres of the 3rd Battalion Royal Tank Corps at Ash Heath, near Aldershot

TANK CORPS MANŒUVRES IN HAMPSHIRE: A Cardon Lloyd tank on the way to Ash Heath, near Aldershot



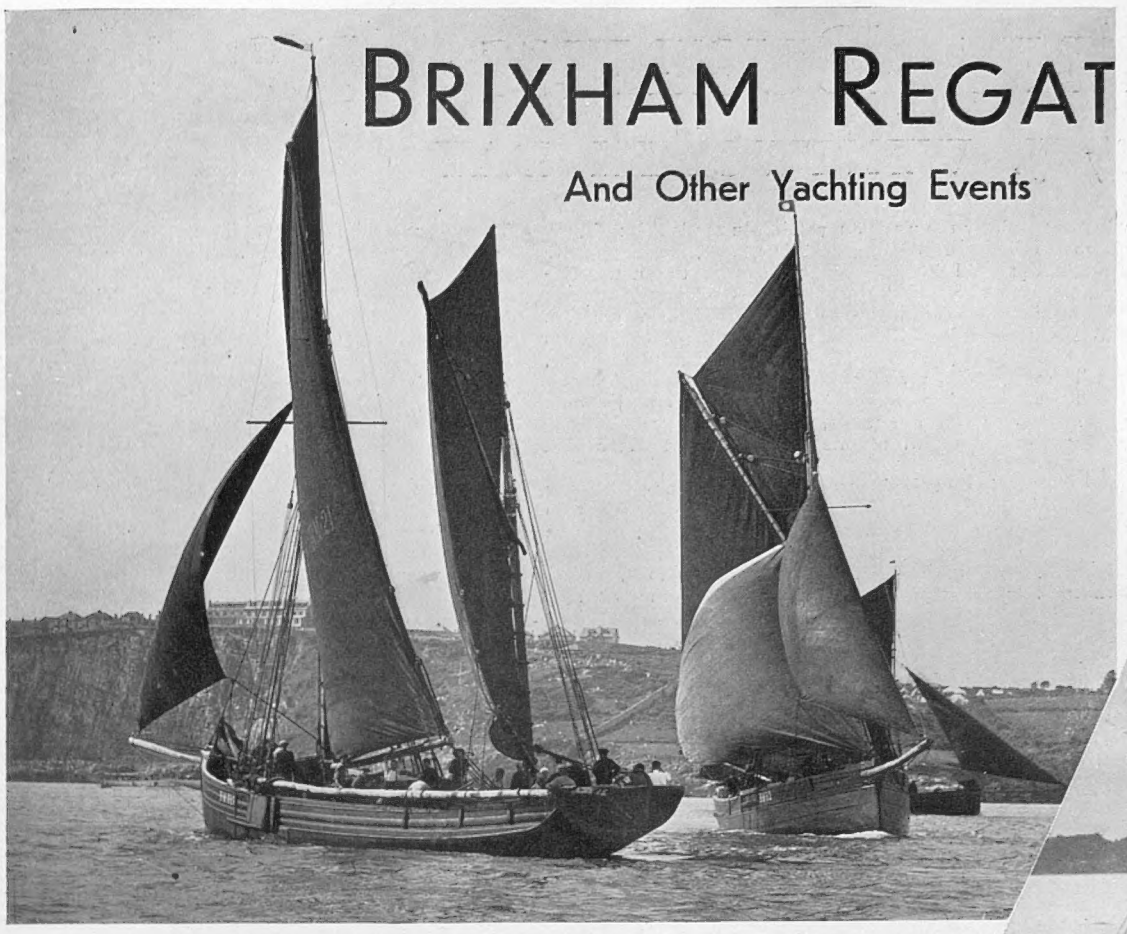
WIRELESS IN MODERN WARFARE: A detachment of the 1st Duke of Wellington's (part of the Eastland Defending Force) passing a wireless car manned by two members of the Royal Corps of Signallers

HOLDING THE VILLAGE: The 3rd (Prince of Wales') Dragoon Guards in action at Southwarnboro', Hants, during brigade manœuvres on August 19

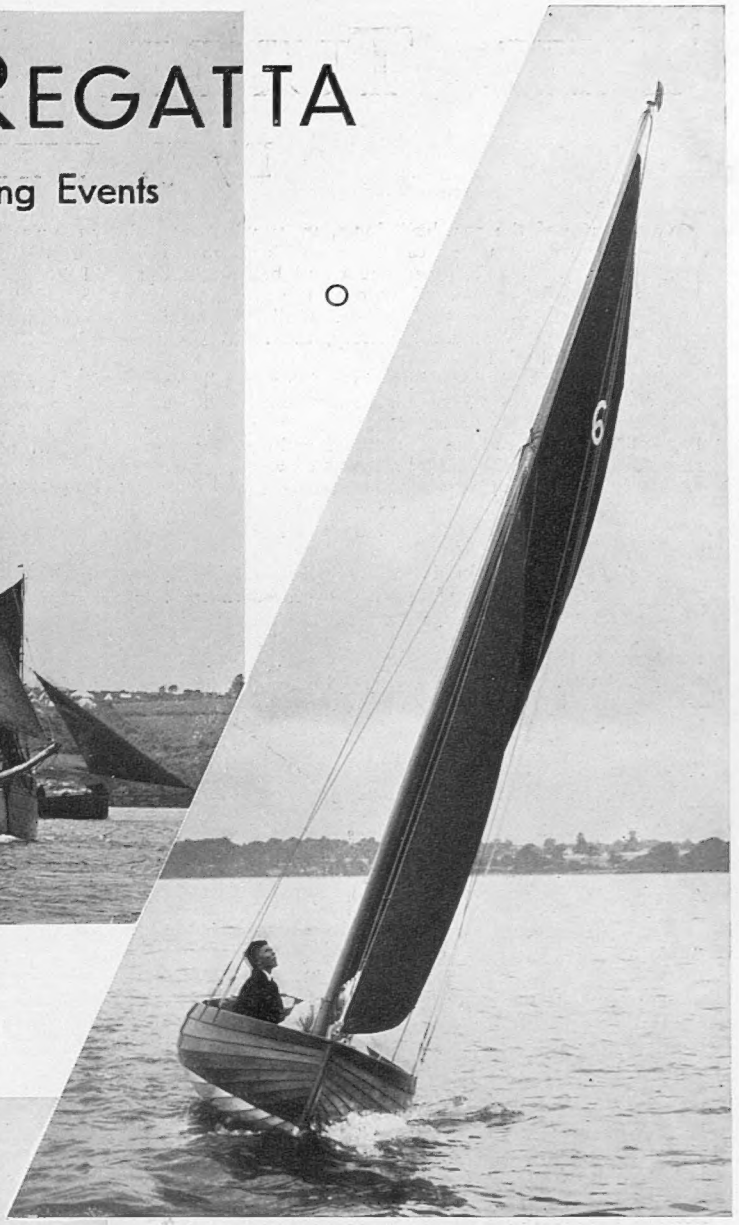
Although pledged to a severe economy campaign the Army has this year made a conspicuous success of its Summer Manœuvres. One of the most interesting events so far was last week's exercise in amphibious strategy set by Major-General A. E. W. Harman for two battalions of the 2nd and 3rd Infantry Brigades and attached troops of his First Division. Troops defending the Aldershot area, which for the purpose of the manœuvres was regarded as an island, were mustered at Aldershot and faced with impending invasion from harbours to the North-east, South-west, and North-west. The Westland, or attacking force, eventually "landed" at Chawton, but with only one harbour blocked and no exact knowledge owing to cut wires, the defending force was faced with a really complex problem. The subsequent engagements revealed many interesting aspects of modern warfare and particularly emphasized the necessity for aerial camouflage. At one headquarters special care was taken to prevent the obvious convergence of vehicles and despatch riders, thus concealing a vital strategic point from the invading force. It is a matter of more than ordinary interest that after two days of hectic coming and going the troops left hardly any trace of their presence and appeared to have treated ungathered crops, fences, and gates with a consideration that clearly does them the greatest credit

BRIXHAM REGATTA

And Other Yachting Events



A YACHTING POTPOURRI: Although the great "J" class yachts, *Britannia*, *Velsheda*, and *Astra*, were also showing their paces on the first day of Brixham Regatta, considerable interest centred round the race for the Perpetual Challenge Cup presented by the King for locally registered ketch rigged trawlers of over forty tons. The boats are seen jockeying for position before the start of the race which was eventually won by Mr. G. Foster's *Vigilance*



CADET S. WOODCOCK, R.N. (DARTMOUTH), competing in last Saturday's Public Schools Yacht Race held by the Royal Southern Y.C. at Hythe. The organizers loaned their 14 ft. one-design dinghies to the competitors, and the event was sailed off in three heats and a final. H. F. G. Andreae (Malvern) was first, C. J. S. Burn (Eton) second, and I. L. Carr (Uppingham) third

Above—RACING AT BRIDLINGTON: Yachts taking part in a trial along the Yorkshire coast

Left—THE KING'S CUP: Mr. G. Cole's *Forsetti* racing before a stiff breeze during the picturesque contest for trawlers of over forty tons at Brixham Regatta. *Forsetti* was second to Mr. G. Foster's *Vigilance*

THIS TUNNY BUSINESS: Big Game Hunters of the North Sea

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

On the rim of the sea, hull down, are trawlers. Their smoke smudges the horizon with blown rags of ochre. Nearer, other squat and belching shapes dot the flat waters. From each the shining web of a trawl net glistens in the sun. Gulls wheel and dip. The sea moves restlessly, the endless clutter of eternal tides.

And in the ship's long boat, in which you will please picture yourself, sits a man harnessed and buckled like a man-at-arms. But instead of a pike his hands grasp a rod, short and stiff and heavily ringed. The butt is fitted in a brass swivelling socket screwed to the thwart. Leathern thongs stretch from his shoulders to the rod. Both back and shoulders are encircled by broad leather straps.

So that you have, in the person of this lone angler, a perfect fighting machine. No matter what strain may be thrown on the rod the burden is distributed equally between the boat and the body of the man; the boat gives resistance, the body gives resilience.

Here is the tunny fisher, the protagonist of Britain's new sport, the big game hunter of the North Sea. It is a new sport in Britain but old in history. Three centuries before Christ some forgotten angler etched a tunny on an Etruscan vase. It is now in the State Museum at Berlin. Since then the lateen-sailed fleets of the Mediterranean have caught tunny by the cartload in waters where the Phœnicians fished. But not until three or four years ago did anyone know that there were tunny in the North Sea.

Then they were officially identified. My friend, Mr. Lorenzo Mitchell-Henry, caught one, the first in British history. He has caught big fish all over the world. He has invented a reel that will land anything. He invented Henrite, the gunpowder that compresses to one-fourth of its normal bulk, can be boiled in a saucepan and will still detonate.

A GIANT CATCH OFF THE SCARBOROUGH COAST: A tunny, caught by Major Rowley, being hauled aboard a trawler in the North Sea

His first tunny weighed 560 lb. He did not think it a very big one. But then he has caught Florida sharks of terrific proportions, West Indian sail-fish that looked like nightmares, and tarpon that could tow a boat fifteen miles out to sea. Unlike that other big game fisher and excellent publicist, Mr. Zane Grey, he does not fly verbal banners proclaiming his own deeds. He just fishes. After all, he is an Englishman.

But for one thing you must give him credit. He caught the first British tunny on rod and line and he made the British public tunny-conscious. Because of him you can now buy tunny in the shops and order it in the more progressive restaurants. It is not expensive and it is good food.

Since that first tunny, caught only three years or so ago, the tunny has come definitely on the map. Colonel E. T. Peel, D.S.O., has set up a world's record with a fish of 798 lb. More remarkable still, he caught five tunny in four days' fishing. The smallest one weighed 532 lb. and took the longest time to kill—four-and-a-half hours. The largest was gaffed after a battle of only forty-eight minutes.

Now the way you catch a tunny is this: Tunny follow the trawling fleet in shoals, feeding on the damaged herrings that fall from the net. The angler baits his hook with a fresh herring. The hook is big enough to catch a man. It is mounted on two yards of steel wire and attached to between four and five hundred yards of stout cuttyhunk line, wound on a vast reel, a drum of aluminium and steel, with a brake and gear that will pull a man across the room. I, personally, have tried to resist the pull of one of these reels. It cannot be done.

But lest the ignorant should imagine that tunny fishing is mere slaughter in which the fish has no chance against mechanical contrivances, let it be remembered that a dead tunny of 250 lb. in weight, 50 ft. down in the water, is equal to 2,500 lb. in pulling power. So you need all the strength and skill possible not only to catch but to land him.

The bait flies out, flashes a moment in the sun, and sinks. If you are lucky, the fish takes it. There comes a sudden terrific pluck on the line and you feel as though you had hooked a submarine. The fish bores downward madly. The reel screams, the line flies out. The strain is terrific. All the time you brake steadily, judiciously. Over-braking means a smash and a lost fish.

This initial moment of striking is where the great danger comes in. The fish may go straight to the bottom. And the sea-bottom off Scarborough is rocky. One scrape against a rock and your line is cut. But if you hold him the fight is on. It may last anything from an hour to five or six hours. At the end of that time there comes a sullen roll, a steady drag, the fighting fish has become an inert mass. He is dead. Tunny die, some say of heart failure, and others of exhaustion. It used to be thought that they drown themselves, but the general view now is that the fish's heart gives out.

And when you have got him he is by no means useless. You can sell him. Recently a 707 lb. fish fetched £11. Another, of 529 lb., went for £9. They were sold for food. Roughly two-thirds of the total weight is edible. And the market is growing all the time.

That is just as well, for the catching of the tunny is by no means a cheap form of fishing. Roughly speaking, a day's tunny fishing, including bait and hire of tackle—except lines and traces which must be bought—can be had for a little over £6. But it is not much use going out for one day only. Tunny have been caught by one-day anglers but not often. It is better to devote a week-end or a whole week to the business. In that case the costs are considerably lower.

For the information of those who may wish to catch tunny between now and the end of October, when the season finishes, here are the costs as quoted by Messrs. Hardy Bros., who have made a speciality of tunny tackle:

No. 6 salt-water palakona split bamboo steel centre rod, £12 1s. 6d.; 6-in. Hardy Zane Grey reel, £30; or 9-in. Fortuna reel, £14 14s.; 400 yards Cuttyhunk line, £4 4s.; Tunny gaff, £3 10s.; Harness, £3 5s.; Harness ring, 15s. 6d.; Rod rest and swivel fitted to board, £1 12s. 6d.; Pole for holding out bait, 10s. 6d.; Scarborough traces, 15s. 6d.

The cost of a launch to take the angler out to sea, with two men to manage her and a small rowboat to fish from, is about £5, but if you join the British Tunny Club the prices can be kept down and the hiring of the boat can be done through the club. The subscription is 1 guinea; the address is merely Scarborough; Colonel Peel is president and Mr. Harold Hardy and Mr. A. E. Cooper are joint honorary secretaries. It has drawn up a complete and very sportsmanlike set of rules and issues official certificates to those who catch fish according to those rules.

One can, moreover, hire outfits if due notice is given. The rates are: the Zane Grey reel, £6 15s. for seven days; the Fortuna reel, £5 5s. for seven days, and the Fortuna reel and hickory rod, £3 15s. for seven days. These prices do not include lines or traces.

But tunny fishing is no sport for fine weather anglers or sensation seekers. You will get wet and you may be seasick. You can fish for hours or for days and never get a bite. And then you may, like Mr. Mitchell-Henry, get a bite late at night and fight your fish until the chill and ghostly hour of four in the morning. That is what he did. All through the small hours they signalled with a pocket torch to their parent motor boat. At times they lost touch with her altogether. And it is not nice to be alone on the North Sea in a small boat at the dead of night with a large fish pulling your arms out of their sockets. By the time that fish was hauled on board it had towed the boat six miles from the place where it was first hooked.

True, there is sensation enough in that. But the average sensation hunter likes quick results. And tunny do not always give them. But if you have a good sea stomach, lots of patience, and plenty of endurance, when it comes to the fight, the tunny

(Continued on p. 348)

IN RURAL ERIN

Types of To-day

A FISHERMAN OF THE FOYLE

A rugged type from County Donegal

A peasant girl drawing water at Oughter, the remote village which, Irish legend has it, was once a prosperous city

"THE LOST CITY OF THE BOG"

IN COUNTY GALWAY

A peasant woman outside a Claddagh cabin

Farming folk with their baskets of poultry, butter, and eggs come in to Galway to sell their produce to the townspeople

SATURDAY MORNING IN THE MARKET

A TRIO of CELEBRATED SCULPTORS at WORK

A Peep Behind the Scenes in a Series of Sketches by Adrian Hill

THE HAIG STATUE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION

Sketched in Mr. Alfred Hardiman's studio in St. John's Wood

Mr. Alfred Hardiman, the brilliant young Rome scholar, will be engaged on the Haig Memorial for the next two years. Adrian Hill received the sculptor's permission to give "Sphere" readers his impression of the equestrian statue as he saw it after the day's work—wrapped up in its coverings and damped down for the night. This process takes over an hour to complete. The finished work will be erected between the Cenotaph and Trafalgar Square and will be twice life size

IN MR. REID DICK'S STUDIO: The well-known Royal Academician at work

The tall statue in the background is of Sir John Soane, the original architect of the Bank of England. This figure, which is to be carved in stone, will take two years to complete. In the foreground is the first plaster model for the statue of Doctor Livingstone. This will be 10 ft. high and will eventually be sent over to Rhodesia for erection near the Victoria Falls. In front of the mirror can be seen the famous bust of the blind boy entitled by Mr. Reid Dick "The Braille Reader"

MR. GILBERT BAYES AT WORK

An impression of another famous St. John's Wood studio specially drawn for "The Sphere"

Mr. Gilbert Bayes, R.S.B.S., H.R.I., at work in the studio of his own construction. This distinguished sculptor, who has just completed the twelve panels (six modern and six classic) for the new B.B.C. building, is seen engaged on a small model of an equestrian statue. The large frieze on the end wall is the original of that on the façade of the Saville Theatre, for which the sculptor was awarded a silver medal for the best work of the year. The figure of Britannia in the background was acquired by Lord Howe, who afterwards commissioned a small replica for the Seagrave Memorial

DUNLOP
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
MADE IN ENGLAND
OT 1933
C.F.H.

Sir Walter Scott
and Lewis Carroll
jointly merit
our apologies

To the civilised world it was Guinness that said
"I've a gleam like a ruby, I'm famed for my head;
Let people of taste, whosoever they be,
Come dine with the Lobster, the Oyster, and Me!"

Then fill up your glass with this glorious brew;
It's good for the Lobster, the Oyster and you.
It's good for the body and good for the mind,
It's the very best thing for the whole of mankind!

"I'm certain," quoth Guinness, "you'll all of you think
'Tis a pleasure to taste me, a rapture to drink.
In fact it's as jolly as jolly can be
To dine with the Lobster, the Oyster and Me!"

"Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can
With Guinness that strengthens and comforts a man.
Leave care in the cloak-room along with your hat—
Goodbye to depression and gloom and all that!"

GUINNESS brings Lobsters and Oysters out of their shells

G.E. 331A

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HARPOONING THE GIANT SWORDFISH

TROPHIES OF A DAY'S CATCH: Two swordfish and the swords cut from some forty others secured during a recent expedition off the Italian coast. These giant fish, which are often 12 to 15 ft. in length, largely inhabit Mediterranean and tropical waters. Although somewhat oily, their flesh is highly esteemed by the fisherfolk, who consume it both fresh and salted

HEAVY GOING: Not the least difficult part of sword-fishing lies in beaching the catch after returning to the shore. The sword, which is often over 3 ft. long, is formed from a compressed prolongation of the upper jaw, and is often strong enough to stab whales fatally or pierce the planks of a boat. Those who go in search of these monsters are, therefore, in almost constant danger

Right—FINISHING OFF WITH the harpoon a shark which had previously been hooked. A remarkable action picture taken in the Strait of Messina

IN NEW ZEALAND WATERS: An angler with a striped marlin swordfish caught in the southern Pacific. Such monsters as this are extremely dangerous and, even when seemingly captured, often put up a last vicious fight for freedom

SAWING OFF THE SWORD: A fisherman secures his trophy before selling his catch for eating or salting purposes

THE 50-LB. THRESHER SHARK which Bournemouth fishermen recently caught by accident while bringing in a haul of mackerel near Boscombe Pier. The thresher became entangled in the nets, and, although ripping a 20-yard hole through one of them, was eventually brought ashore. Its struggles were so fierce, however, that it was quite impossible to approach, and it had to be left to suffocate on the beach. Hundreds of holiday-makers turned up to see the sight

AUGUST ON THE MOORS: Lady Ada Ramsay, Lord Eldon, the Hon. Simon Ramsay, the Hon. Duthac Carnegie, the Earl of Dalhousie, and Miss Hulings of New York

THE SEASON'S ANNEXE

The Social Round in August, September, and October

By CHARLES GRAVES

We first met, after the usual introductions, outside Buck's Club tent at Goodwood. The sunlight dappled the beeches and the champagne was ice cold. He told me that he was an American coming from Maine, in New England. He had worked all his life in New York, and then two months ago his aunt had died and left him £30,000. "I realized," he said, "that I was thirty-nine years old and that I had never really had a holiday, so I chucked my job and decided to come over here and enjoy myself. Unfortunately, it took about six weeks to clear up the estate, and so I arrived here the day after the Royal Garden Party. It did not take me long to discover that I had 'missed the bus.' The London Season was over. But someone told me I ought to try the Sussex Fortnight, which I frankly had never heard of. And here I am."

DEAUVILLE AFTER COWES: Mrs. de Mott takes a morning stroll in a becoming beach ensemble

He was a charming chap. We had another bottle. "Are you going to the races at Lewes and Brighton?" I asked him. "Well," was the reply, "I think I'll do Brighton, but someone has asked me to stay at Cowes on their yacht, and I'm longing to see this new steel-masted *Velsheda*, which belongs to the Woolworth's man over here."

The next time I saw him was yesterday at the Savoy bar. "I've had a wonderful time," he said. "You English pretend that the Season dies in July. I don't think that it does at all. Of course, it gets split up into its component parts, and many of the people to whom I got introductions seem to have gone off to Le Touquet or the South of France or somewhere. But I still keep on seeing the faces that have become familiar to me through your illustrated Press. After seeing you I went on, sure enough, to Cowes. It was grand, except for one windy day when there was no racing. Among other people I met was Rosa Lewis. Her place is just next door to the Royal Yacht Squadron. But I expect you knew that. The people who had invited me to their yacht then took me off for a couple of days to Deauville, for the start of the Grande Semaine. But there were only seven tables in play in the Casino, and though I heard that the Aga Khan had just been there and was expected back, I took the aeroplane back from Paris to London."

"What did you do then?"

"Oh, I found that the Dublin Horse Show was just on. Boy, it was great. Of course, I think that a lot of the Irish are pretty crazy, but I've never seen such a place as this Ball's Bridge. They had officers from the Swiss, Belgian, Czechoslovakian, and French cavalry, as well as from the Irish Free State, all competing in the international jumping contests. The Shelbourne was full to the roof, and so were most of the other hotels, despite the Blue Shirts and all these other armies. The Horse Show went on for four days, and the Phœnix Park Races made a double event for me. There were house parties from as far north as Galway, and from as far south as Kerry. As for Kildare, Meath, and Westmeath, the place was stiff with those O'Ferralls. On the last day I crossed over to England again, and got up to Scotland a day late for the 12th. But it didn't matter, even though I was black and blue from practising my shooting. I was staying with friends in Ayrshire, and they had all the guns they wanted. So I decided to have a look at Gleneagles and Turnberry."

This astonishing man had another drink. There was something both pathetic and admirable about his determination to track the London Season to the death. This relentless pursuit of pleasure, this "following the strawberries" until they withered on their stalks was something new to me, and offered little prospect of gratification to the hunter. It made me feel quite breathless. "How did you like Gleneagles?" was all I could think of saying.

"Oh, it was grand. I have never met so many Americans I knew in all my life before. They wore white plus-fours, and made me feel really at home for the first time since I have been over here. I met John W. Davis there. He used to be our Ambassador in London. It's a grand hotel. And I like the golf, too. The only annoying thing was that I expected some letters from home, and they did not arrive for days. Apparently the local laird objects to any letters being addressed to Gleneagles without the word 'hotel' being added to it, and sends them all back covered with red ink and inscriptions. You can't blame him, I suppose, but it seems to be an awful waste of time."

"Well, what are you doing now?" "Oh, I've come back to see this *Midsummer Night's Dream* business in Regent's Park. And I am glad I did. We have nothing like it in America. For sheer beauty of setting it's immense. And the jokes! Time and again I thought Bottom the Weaver was gagging. But it's all in the book of words they tell me. To-night I am going north again to North Berwick. They tell me it's very fashionable just now. What d'you think of it?"

I told him. It is the Biarritz of Great Britain, and he has every likelihood of seeing Lady Oxford and Asquith duffing a shot in a bunker, and anybody else who is not on the Continent playing mixed foursomes. You see more "well-knowns" there than at all the other resorts in this island put together. I know. I have been there. Just after the War, before Le Touquet became so smart, people went to Frinton. Now they go to North Berwick, and with the state of the foreign exchanges more and more will do so, one may be sure. It is the place where you see the gayest jumpers on the prettiest girls, and the most dashing stockings on the smartest young men. The dour scratch man from Edinburgh will snort that it is no test of golf. Be that as it may, the scenery is lovely and it is as smart as you please. All this I told to the man from Maine. "What are you going to do next?" I enquired finally.

"Oh, there are all these Highland games to have a look at—you know, tossing the caber and sword dances and shortbread and Balmoral, not to mention stalking in all those forests. I'm longing to see a real Scottish forest. What are the trees like? As big as the ones in California?" I hated to disillusion him and tell him that in Scotland a deer forest bore no relation to any other kind of forest in the world. Nor did I tell him of the appalling tips to beaters, and valets, and butlers, which he would have to give. After all, it takes a lot of tips to get rid of £30,000. Nor did I tell him about these Highland gatherings. They may be part of the Northern offshoot of the London Season. But oh, how dreary they are after you have done them a couple of times!

And yet there was a good deal of method, or rather intelligence, in this American's madness. We in London are inclined to be very parochial in our opinion of the Season. We think it dies completely in July, only to be born again in a puling state in October, before it finally grows up again in the following Spring with the return of the Court to Buckingham Palace and the opening of the Royal Academy. The Season really goes on month after month, and year after year. It merely takes a pleasant change of scene. When the pavements of Piccadilly grow too hot it flits to the undress atmosphere of Goodwood; thence to the spotless flannels of Cowes, and from there, except for a digression to the Dublin Horse Show, direct to Scotland, where the summer is still mature. Hesitating for a moment at the combined pleasures of tunny fishing and the cricket festival at Scarborough, it races gaily to Scotland where, against the gorgeous permanence of the Highlands, are staged the Highland gatherings. They begin as early as July, but August and September are the best months.

In a way, they are the last faint echo of the Olympic Games in Greece. Beefy Highlanders in singlet and kilt throw the hammer and put the weight. The intricacies of the Highland Fling are revealed for the edification of fashionable Londoners. That they are competitions and not displays is proved by the rows of medals sported by those who have been successful in other years. As for the bagpipe competitions—it may take a mountainy man to appreciate to the full the weird, wild, pulsing music that yells and wails across the

(*Continued on p.* 346)

ON THE LINKS AT NORTH BERWICK: The Countess of Oxford, Miss Maureen Dunville, the Hon. Mrs. Curzon, the Hon. Francis Curzon and Princess Antoine Bibesco

AT THE BIARRITZ OF THE NORTH: And Other Summer Season Pictures

ON THE LINKS AT NORTH BERWICK: The Hon. and Mrs. Francis Curzon with Miss Maureen Dunville. *In circle*—COMPETING AT THE CHILDREN'S WIMBLEDON: Miss Elizabeth Hill, the youngest competitor in the Junior Lawn Tennis Championships at Frinton-on-Sea

GROUSE SHOOTING IN YORKSHIRE: Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Thornton Berry walking to the butts at their shoot at Leyburn, Aysgarth

THE DAILY ROUND: Lady Isobel and Lady Ursula Manners, daughters of the Duchess of Rutland, seen at the third tee on the links at North Berwick. This famous Scottish resort is, if possible, more popular than ever this year

IN COUNTY WATERFORD

Lady Charles Cavendish (formerly Miss Adele Astaire) and Mrs. Edward James, better known as Tilly Losch, in the grounds of lovely Lismore Castle, Lady Charles Cavendish's Irish home

H.H. the Maharaj Kumar of Kutch grouse shooting with his younger son over the moors in Angus. On the right is the Prince's native loader

AN INDIAN IN ANGUS

THE QUESTION OF THE EL

A PLASTER CAST of a section of the famous Parthenon frieze showing the state of preservation of the original at the time when the copy was made

THE SAME FRIEZE to-day illustrating the terrible havoc wrought partly by wind and weather and partly by the destructive fumes rising from the industrial quarter of modern Athens

RIDERS OF ANCIENT GREECE: Another plaster cast taken from the Parthenon sculptures. During the last century this part of the frieze was in almost perfect condition

AS IT IS TO-DAY: The original of the frieze illustrated above showing the distorting ravages of the past few years

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE PARTIALLY RESTORED PARTHENON taken by an aeroplane employed by the munications. The scaffolding erected for restoration work on the east pediments is visible to the eighth from the left) have also been repaired since this picture was taken, those engaged on the task rebuilt the columns with the addition of replica sections made from a

A considerable outcry arose a few days ago in the Athenian Press over the discovery of a headless statue at the foot of the Acropolis rock. This was declared to be a very fine piece of work, probably forming part of the Parthenon sculptures; it was also suggested that the damage might have been inflicted by careless workmen in the employ of Lord Elgin, the famous seventh earl, who removed part of the frieze, metopes, and pediment sculptures to England. To ascribe the damage to this headless figure to Lord Elgin or his staff so promptly when there lie so many possibilities of responsibility in other directions seems somewhat unkind, in view of the known care with which Lord Elgin approached the task he had set himself of recording Greek art at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The oft-recorded fight between the Turks and Venetians in 1687 occasioned probably most damage to the great temple, and after the explosion of the Turkish powder magazine inside the Parthenon the victorious Venetian commander, Morosini, attempted to carry off some of the sculptured figures from the western pediment, but the work was done so clumsily that several statues fell and were shattered to pieces.

The taking of certain sculptures from Athens arose, as far as one can judge from the evidence available, not from a set purpose, but gradually as the result of a situation which compelled this course of action. The main facts are given in Elgin's biography in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which may be quoted as a more than usually reliable source.

Thomas Bruce, 7th Earl of Elgin, was, in 1799, appointed Ambassador to the Ottoman Port, and he was desirous that his mission to Constantinople should lead to a closer study and examination of the remains of Grecian art within the Turkish dominions. Acting on the advice of Sir William Hamilton, he procured at his own expense the services of the Neapolitan painter, Lusieri, and of several skilful draughtsmen and modellers. These artists were despatched to Athens in the summer of 1800 and were principally employed in making drawings of the ancient monuments, though very limited facilities were given them by the authorities.

About the middle of the summer of 1801, however, all obstacles were overcome, and Elgin received a firman from the Porte which allowed his lordship's agents not only to " fix scaffolding round the ancient Temple of the Idols (the Parthenon), and to mould the ornamental sculpture and visible figures thereon in plaster and gypsum," but also " to take away any pieces of stone with old inscriptions or figures thereon." The actual removal of ancient marbles from Athens formed no part of Elgin's original plan, but the constant injuries suffered by the sculptures of the Parthenon and other monuments at the hands of the Turks induced him to undertake it. The collection thus formed by operations at Athens, and by explorations in other parts of Greece, is now known by the name of the " Elgin Marbles."

A DETAILED VIEW of one side of the Parthenon showing the position of the metopes of the great frieze which is clearly discernible where it runs round the perimeter of the building above the massive columns

GIN MARBLES

Topographical Department of the Greek Ministry of Com- right. On the southern side two columns (the seventh and having collected as many fallen pieces as they could find and pecially prepared cement

Part of the Elgin collection was prepared for embarkation for England in 1803, but considerable difficulties had to be encountered at every stage of its transit. In fact it was not until 1812 that they finally left Athens.

THE OBJECT OF CONTROVERSY: This piece of sculptured marble, which has for years lain unnoticed near the base of the Arcopolis, is now believed to have been one of the original works created by Phidias for the Parthenon

Elgin thought it advisable to throw open his collections to public view, and arranged them in his own house in Park Lane, and afterwards at Burlington House, Piccadilly. Upon the supreme merits of the Parthenon sculptures all competent art critics were henceforth agreed. Canova, when he saw them, pronounced them "the works of the ablest artists the world has seen." After some preliminary negotiations, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1816 to inquire into the desirability of acquiring the Elgin collection for the nation. This committee recommended its purchase for the sum of £35,000, and in July 1816 an Act was passed giving effect to their proposal. The committee, after a careful examination of Elgin and other witnesses, further decided in favour of the Ambassador's conduct and of his claim to the ownership of the antiquities. The money spent by Elgin in the formation, removal, and arrangement of his collection, and the sums disbursed for the salaries and board of his artists at Athens, were estimated at no less than £74,000.

There has been considerable argument from time to time as to the actual amount of damage done by the present air conditions at Athens upon the large number of sculptures still in position on the Parthenon structure. Absolutely opposite statements have been made, for instance, concerning the condition of the caryatid figures on the Acropolis, one writer maintaining that on

(Continued on p. 346)

ANOTHER SECTION OF THE PARTHENON FRIEZE: It will be noticed in this plaster cast that eroding influences had, at the time the copy was taken, done very little to destroy the magnificent lines of the figures. Compare this *(below)* with the original as it is to-day

THE ORIGINAL showing, when compared with the plaster cast, the distressing rapidity with which this portion of the frieze has become eroded

HEADLESS FIGURES of the three Fates from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon and now in the British Museum. When the Elgin sculptures were first brought from Athens, Lord Byron, whose view was shared by many others, violently protested against their removal. As matters have turned out, these marbles have clearly been saved from risks of very serious damage

THE VISION OF BEAURAING: Gilberte Degeimbre and Gilberte and Albert Voisin, three of the five children who are said to have received messages from the Virgin Mary

A NEW LOURDES?

Beauraing, the Little Country Town of the Belgian Ardennes which Bids Fair to Become a Permanent Centre of Religious Pilgrimage

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Earlier this year when I wrote from Lisieux of a Lourdes in the making in that picturesque old Norman country town I little dreamt that before the summer had passed I should be writing of still another Lourdes in the making, this time in the Belgian Ardennes. Yet it is so; and, moreover, what is transpiring at the heretofore unknown village of Beauraing appears something so new and efficient and entire, and exploited in the way of a mass psychosis as to suggest that somebody august may have to step in pretty firmly soon unless other "Lourdes" are to materialize in the future in various lands. There is no doubt about the existence of an exceptional emotional hunger at the present time, presumably a reaction from post-War paganism coupled with a grasping at old strengths in stern times of drift. The hunger varies in texture. Denmark and Scandinavia generally have caught the craze for the occult upon which Hitler sat so effectively once he had drawn all he needed therefrom. In Holland many thousands of young women have united as "the Girls of the Graal" and stage revivalist displays before the authorities and the countryside. I have written here of the bleeding girl of Bavaria who has become almost a holy personage despite Church frowning upon her. Then there is Lisieux and a record jubilee season at Lourdes. And now comes Beauraing. The somewhat disconcerting circumstance being that the technique, if not of miracle-making, of Lourdes-making, has in recent times been most satisfactorily worked out so that the passing of decades is no longer necessary ere the pilgrims swarm to the new haven of hope (and fortune). Just now a company calling itself the "Hotel Society for Catholic Centres and Pilgrimages" is trying to raise £250,000, partly in London. That is the new aspect. Cast back a moment ——

Whatever your views about Lourdes, it grew comparatively slowly and alone, the French ecclesiastical authorities having always jealously guarded any encroachment upon it—for example, a peasant-girl who started imitating little Marie Soubirous on the River Garonne some years ago and "hearing voices" was promptly dealt with through her curé. It is true that the Soubirous family to-day has as good as a trust locally at Lourdes, passing down through hotels and stores to autocars and a travel agency, also that the place offers far from an edifying spectacle during the four months' season when 6,000 cases are booked up weekly, yet the fact remains that it will take a very great deal to deflect the maimed and stricken away from the Pyrenees, and that however you may regard the three or four medically attested cures each year, a visit to the famous grotto does give hopeless, agonizing cases fresh sustenance, comfort, and hope. Anyone who has seen it will grant as much. For my part I do not believe there's anything in the physical cures that is not explainable by specialists, but I should not be prepared to close down Lourdes on that account. It was the first and it has the prestige. Forty years ago Zola was growling at it. Twenty years ago it was Ibañez. I wonder what these gentlemen would have had to say about the kind of "Lourdes" that is now being turned out to order. . . .

Evidently to start these places you must have children. Innocence. You can bring on the adults afterwards but the start must be made with children, a little shepherdess of Lorraine having once set the fashion. In this respect, Beauraing was thoroughly in order. Beauraing, I should mention, is—or was—an agricultural agglomeration of some 2,000 inhabitants on the borders of Luxemburg and situate in the charming, tourist-haunted Dinant country. Quite the most attractive part of Belgium whose (principally) Flemish inhabitants, by the way, have long been devoted pilgrims to both Lisieux and Lourdes but of late have had to cut out both places because of poor times and the dear French franc. So that we have: Beauraing, charming country, and a distressing pilgrimage void for devout Flems.

One evening four children, Fernande Voisin, sixteen, her brother, Albert, eleven, her sister, Gilberte, thirteen, went with Andrée Degeimbre, fifteen, to fetch the latter's little sister, Gilberte, nine, from the local convent school. It was dark and suddenly Albert cried out that he could see a luminous apparition of the Virgin by the railway bridge. The others looked and saw the same. They knelt down and fell to reciting *Aves*. It was later pointed out that the lamps on passing railway engines could light up a statue of the Virgin in the convent garden, and which stood in the childrens' line of vision. But that was quickly brushed aside because in the suceeding five weeks the Virgin appeared to the five no fewer than twenty-six times. She only failed to do so on nine occasions. Each night at 9 p.m. the children would be mobilized and taken to the grotto in the convent garden and there they would go into a species of trembling ecstasy as soon as they beheld. This usually occurred after twenty or thirty fervid *Aves* on the rosary. Meanwhile the crowds around grew from a few score locals to five, six, seven thousand each night. And when the children started speaking with the Virgin that sent up the attendance to double figures, though it should be mentioned that the apparition's remarks were of the most obvious character such as, "Do you love me?" "Sacrifice yourselves for me," "I shall convert sinners," "Pray much," "I am the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven," "Build a chapel," "Will you always be good?" When the children, by request, asked for a concrete miracle, the figure would fade out and one evening it announced that the next day would be farewell. By this time doctors had come to attend each séance in scores and it was given out that the children were quite normal and healthy even when examined close up during the crisis. On the other hand, there was always a certain anxiety among them to know, later, just what the Virgin had said to each—did it synchronize? Sometimes it did not, and sometimes, even, one or other of the children would miss the vision.

M. TILMAN CÔME, who claims to have been instantaneously cured of paralysis and to have had converse with the Virgin Mary. *Right*—M. Tilman Côme's home at Pontaury

WAITING FOR A MIRACLE: A pathetic group of sick and disabled pilgrims who came to Beauraing in the hope of being cured

For the final apparition, no fewer than eighty doctors and 25,000 of the public assembled and the figure said "Adieu" and gave a secret good-bye message to each child. Since when it has, in effect, been a case of adieu. The children still go nightly to the magic spot, yet see and hear nothing more. Gradually Beauraing seemed to be falling back into its ertswhile rural jogtrot save for a modest flow of suffering, devout, or curious ones. The whole business, it came to be said, had, from a probably sincere childish illusion the first night, been crudely overdone; nor had the Church shown alacrity to support it. Better let things fade out.

Actually, what the multitude was waiting for was a physical miracle which the children had not been able to produce despite several un-borne-out claims. Some weeks ago the multitude got their physical miracle in the form of an aging bucolic type named Tilman Côme and since then Beauraing has not looked back. Côme says he was instantaneously cured of paralysis (the doctors demur) and that he later witnessed nine apparitions during one of which the Virgin unfortunately spelt out Beauraing "Böring." Her speech also must have been a trifle slangy but Côme explained this by saying that the words were addressed to him, a simple yokel who would not have understood big words. To cap things, the fellow announced that on a given day he would make known a wish that the Virgin had asked him to make public. Believe it or not, but 125,000 turned up to hear that wish. Hundreds of special trains and motor coaches from all parts of Belgium and even from France and Holland; an immense multitude camping out overnight, since Beauraing had not yet got going on Lourdes lines, though making seven league strides. Stretcher cases were there in hundreds, the dying surrounded by their tearful relations. At 9 a.m. Côme gave his message. It might have been guessed: construction of a Notre Dame de Beauraing and an annual pilgrimage on May 18. While

(Continued on p. 346)

THE "MIRACLE" THAT DREW 120,000 PILGRIMS TO BEAURAING: Andrée Degeimbre addressing a crowd of pilgrims at the door of his father's house. This fifteen-year-old boy accompanied the four children of the town when they were supposed to have first seen the vision of the Virgin Mary

THE GRAIL GIRLS OF HOLLAND

ENROLLING A NEW MEMBER of the Grail Movement which has been started in Holland to promote Catholic thought. These kneeling girls, in the robes of the Order, are assisting in the solemn ceremony of initiation

GRAIL GIRLS taking part in a religious dance. One of the predominating aims of the movement is to bring religion into everyday life and to interpret Church teachings through the medium of art. Gaiety and a mentally stimulating communal life are also objectives of every member of the Order

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE ANGELS: Two further pictures of the religious dances of the Order. The impression given here is one of solemnity, but this is not by any means the whole spirit of the movement. The girls also take a great delight in giving stage revivalist plays in the country

A CONDUCTRESS, clad in the robes of the Order, welcomes a young Dutch girl as a member

THE RELIGION OF THE OPEN AIR: The annual Mi-Eté Festival which takes place on the lower slopes of the Col de Jaman, near Montreux. In the morning a sermon is delivered from a pulpit among the rocks, while the afternoon is given up to dancing and music

THE POPE'S NEW SUMMER RESIDENCE: The beautiful Belvedere Garden at Castel Gandolfo where the Vatican has acquired the Villa Barberini near the old residence of the Popes. The gardens adjoining the villa are among the most beautiful and perfectly laid-out in Italy

ELEPHANTS RELEASING A TIMBER JAM ON A SIAMESE RIVER: Often during the rainy season the logs, which have been launched in the upper reaches of the river, become stacked u their task from behind the jam, for the heavy teak logs often start moving again with little or no warning, and, when travelling in a swift current, might easily endanger the lives of bot bridges beneath which they have to pass on their journey to Bangkok. As soon as possible elephants are sent out into midstream to remove the obstruction. It will be seen that t a

CATCHING THE CURRENT: An elephant and its native driver pushing a log into the main stream from a little village backwater in which it had become jammed. Sometimes the logs are stranded for many months if the floods are not strong enough to dislodge them

A TEAM OF ELEPHANTS preparing to launch a particularly large log in the upper reaches of a

The remarkable series of illustrations, which we reproduce on three pages of this issue, gives an intima amazing work done by elephants during lumbering operations in the forests and rivers of Siam. Th task is that of assisting the timber in its current-propelled journey down the river to Bangkok. These anything from as little as two to as much as fifteen years to reach their destination, frequently become rainy season. The manner in which the elephants free the river of its obstructions and set the logs in mo an amazing tribute to their sagacity and to the skill of the native drivers who train them (see article on

THE ELEPHANT'S ASTOUNDING INTELLIGENCE

As a Lumber Worker on the Rivers of Siam

AN UP-RIVER LOG JAM: Men are continually engaged in noting the progress of the teak logs down each section of the river. When a jam occurs elephants are moved to the spot and employed in setting the timber in motion. There is never any difficulty in identifying the logs at the end of their journey as each is branded with the particular stamp of the firm to which it belongs

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ches of a Siamese river

an intimate glimpse of the
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article on following page)

A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE OF ELEPHANTINE SAGACITY: In every timber jam there are always several key logs which, when removed, immediately release into the current the remainder of the stacked timber. The elephants show amazing intelligence in selecting these key logs and often require very little assistance from their drivers. This work is mostly done during the rainy season when the heavy floods drive the timber into the backquarters

LUMBERING IN SIAM: An elephant drawing a heavy teak log along the trolley-way from the forests

PUTTING HIS BACK INTO IT: Rolling teak to the river's edge at the start of its long journey to Bangkok

THE ELEPHANT AS TIMBER WORKER

Teak Lumbering on a Siamese River

By M. POOLE

A short while ago at Chiengmai, Siam, the teak logs coming down the river stacked themselves up over 40 ft. high against the big bridge. It seemed that the country would be flooded and the course of the river changed. All attempts to blow up the barrier failed, and the jam was broken up only after hundreds of elephants had been pressed into service. They succeeded where dynamite had failed.

The intelligence of these beasts is astounding. In breaking a dam they always start from the bottom; they know that otherwise the dam would crash into them. The key log is picked out unerringly, and for hours the work goes on. The supervising "forest man" is sometimes out on his elephant for three nights running in the critical rainy season. If he falls off only the ability to swim in the rushing water lies between him and death. Even an elephant can be knocked over by a 5-ton log travelling at 20 miles an hour.

It is in the rainy season, from June to October, that most of the Siam teak lumbering is done. Trees are felled, logs cut out, and dragged to the streams for their five-year journey to Bangkok; the flood rises and the forest man's troubles begin.

In many places logs can only be dragged to a small stream which feeds the main river, and they are left to find their own way there in the subsequent floods. Large boulders or growing trees may knock them out of the current—they may get stranded in a village that the next year's flood does not reach. A log has been known to take fifteen years to reach its destination, but one dropped in the main stream will, with luck, take only two years. The generally accepted average is five years. During the rainy season forest men continually inspect the river and streams; note how the logs are moving and where logs are blocked or jams are likely to occur. The elephants are then sent to remove the obstruction or to clear the pile.

Fever and violence break out among the natives. Mud is everywhere. It is impossible to resist scratching leech and mosquito bites, and weeping sores appear on toes and legs. Valuable labourers have to lie up until they are cured. To keep fit a man must bathe in a strong solution of potassium permanganate, cover his legs with acid solution, and at the first sign of a mud sore soak his feet in perchloride of mercury. It is one constant fight, and even Europeans sometimes break under the strain and develop murderous tendencies. The forest man is judge as well as doctor to his men. The labourers come over in hundreds from French Cochin China and sign on for periods of two or three years. They have to be kept as happy as possible even when they are stealing one another's wives. This, however, is hardly a serious offence, and under the paternal guidance of the forest man can usually be settled by a money payment. Among some native forest workers, outside European administration, there is even a fixed rate for murder—from 300 Rs. downwards, and the matter is amicably settled.

Fifty men out of a hundred were lost recently during an outbreak of berri-berri, and when the forest man prescribes a preventive diet of onions, beans, and sprouting green peas, he has to send forty miles through the trackless jungle to get it. Normally each labourer is provided with rice, fish, cooking oil and salt. Apart from his ten grains of quinine twice a week the European subsists on onions, potatoes, and the everlasting chicken.

The elephants are let out into the jungle every night and feed on grass, palm leaves, sugar cane, and bananas. The mahoots recognize their trail and bring them back to work in the morning. Despite their bulk and strength they are delicate creatures and cannot be worked in the heat of the day. Although they are on duty only one day in three they have to have two or three months' rest between March and June in a cool, well-watered part of the jungle. Their health reports are then written up and they are measured and painlessly rebranded with a special paste. The branding irons of old are now out of use.

This hot weather period is the slackest time for the teak workers and it is then that the forest man gets his leave—to Europe if he is fortunate. Office reports are dealt with, bamboo huts are built, and a multitude of things have to be attended to in connection with the inevitable elephant, without whom the Siam teak trade could not exist.

An elephant now costs less than £200 and an experienced man never buys one of more than forty years old. They are adult at twenty and at thirty can work without the supervision of mahoots; at sixty they are old, a growth and development that compare with man's. Elephants *do* breed in captivity and the period of pregnancy is twenty-two months.

Training starts at four or five years and the Burman uses a hot wand which burns the animal's trunk when he seizes it. The Siamese works by kindness and takes far longer. Sometimes elephants develop abscesses as big as footballs and the unfortunate forest man has to cut these and syringe out sinuses of an incredible depth. He also has to doctor the severe wounds inflicted by wild turkeys which often attack the fettered beasts.

It is the cold season from November to March that makes up for the hardships of the rest of the year. There is no night work, and while the elephant quietly drags logs to the streams in readiness for the rains the European is able to shoot bison, jungle fowl, and tiger, and worry about the new "Siam for the Siamese" movement. His foreign leases expire in 1941! But there are no mosquitoes, leeches, or eye-flies, and for man and his servant the jungle is a very pleasant place indeed.

LOGGING AT CHIENGMAI: Elephants dragging the branded logs into midstream where they will be carried down the river to the Bight of Bangkok

THE START OF A FIVE-YEAR JOURNEY: After branding, a very necessary precaution for purposes of identification, the logs are rolled into the water over a specially prepared timber slipway

ANOTHER VIEW of a log slipway on the upper reaches of a Siamese river. The elephant is assisting in piloting the logs on the initial stage of their journey down stream

A TASK FOR THE ELEPHANT: A remarkable picture taken during a recent timber jam in the river above Chiengmai. In order to prevent the country being flooded a bridge had to be blown up and every available elephant was employed for many days on end in separating the logs

ON SAFARI IN TANGANYIKA

Above—A "pride" of African lions at breakfast

Left—A particularly fine example of a wart hog with very long tusks

Right—A Lesser kudu, one of the most beautiful antelopes in the world

LIONESSES ON A KILL show suspicion and annoyance at being disturbed by the camera

The accompanying pictures were taken during a recent safari in Tanganyika, East Africa, by Captain Maharaj Kumar Sri Sadul Singhji Bahadur, heir apparent of Bikaner. The Maharaj has always been a keen big-game enthusiast and never fails to bring back from his trips detailed photographic records of what he has seen. This particular safari was most successful, over thirty-two different species of game being obtained in addition to a valuable series of pictures. The most interesting of these is that of the Lesser kudu, which many affirm to be one of the most beautiful antelopes in the world. It is about 40 in. in height, weighs nearly 230 lb., and in colour varies from tawny to slaty grey with very clearly defined white markings. Although occurring in many parts of the Continent it is mostly found in the bushy country of British East Africa, where it is greatly prized by the natives both for eating purposes and for the excellent leather which can be made from the skin.

THE BEACHES of the T

LONDON'S RIVER PLAYGROUND

The children's Lido on the banks of the Thames near Teddington Lock

PUTNEY BEACH

Londoners who were un the hot weather found this near-at-hand

IN THE THAMES ESTUARY

One of the last of the beaches before the river merges itself with the sea—a scene at Sheerness

STANDING ROOM ONLY

The foreshore near King Edward VII Memorial Park, Shadwell, where the youngsters paddle and watch the ships go by, and where the ripples of the tide and a place to stand on are enough to make a seaside

HAMES

able to get cut of town during slipway near the boat houses a substitute for the seaside

A favourite summer haunt of children and their parents. The gravel beach is luckily mud-free

ON GREENWICH GRAVEL

Bathing, boating, and sunbathing on Greenwich's clean gravel beach. The town is fortunate in having in front of its historic Naval Hospital a stretch of beach which washes clean with the tide and provides a natural play ground for Greenwich youngsters

DOCKLAND'S SEASIDE

Breaking up an old river barge on a Thames beach near Belvedere

WHERE THE OLD BARGES GO

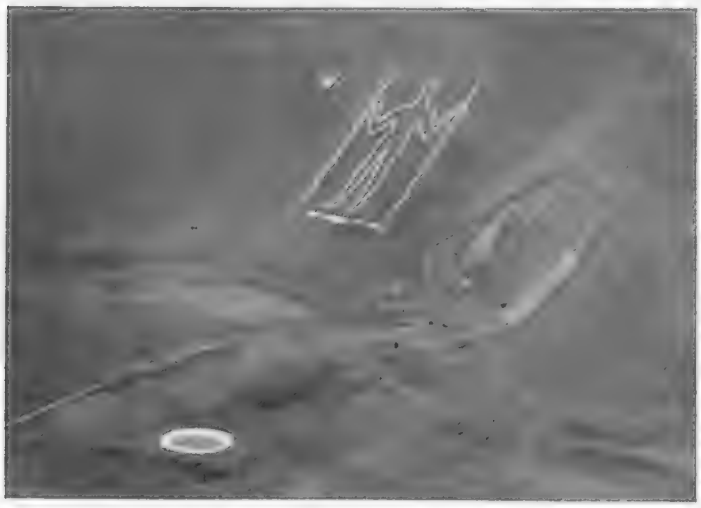
PRE-HISTORIC EARTHWORKS IN DEVON: A new aerial view of The Dykes, Clovelly, showing the concentric rings forming what were once fortifications

THE ANCIENT WHITE HORSE, with its enormous eye and primitive head, cut in the chalk hills near Byland Abbey, Yorkshire

A BRONZE AGE DISCOVERY AT KIRKINTILLOCH: The rectangular burial cist discovered recently near Glasgow (see note in adjoining column)

PRIMITIVE FOOD VESSEL: Another Bronze Age relic of about 1700 B.C. excavated on Scarborough Golf Links by the Scarborough Archæological Society

BURIAL CIST OF ABOUT 1500 B.C. discovered recently in the beautiful Olchon Valley of the Black Mountains, Herefordshire. As the picture on the right shows, a skeleton and a perfect earthen food vessel were discovered in the chamber. A detailed description of the find appears in the accompanying article



ANOTHER ANCIENT CHALK CUTTING: The Long Man of Windover Hill, near Wilmington, Sussex. This figure, which is about 230 ft. high, is either of Celtic or Saxon origin

ANCIENT SKULL DISCOVERY: This find was unearthed at a brickworks at Pollok, Glasgow. The skull is now in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities

RECENT BRONZE AGE FINDS

In Scotland and Herefordshire

Enthusiasm in matters archæological has seldom been at a higher level in this country than it is to-day. Nearly every county has its antiquarian or archæological society, and fresh finds are always cropping up as a stimulus to interest. This summer has been particularly fruitful, and several remarkable Bronze Age relics, which should do much to add to our knowledge of the period, have been brought to light. At Park View, Kirkintilloch, near Glasgow, sand diggers recently encountered a large slab of sandstone some 18 in. under grass level. On removal, a rectangular cist was disclosed, the sides of which were composed of vertical sandstone slabs. Unfortunately, and owing to the porous nature of the soil, the contents of the grave have disappeared, but a close examination by Mr. Ludovic Mann, president of Glasgow Archæological Society, revealed that the burial dates from at least 2000 B.C.

Another, and probably more important discovery, was a row of small stones equidistantly placed outside the slabs. Mr. Mann believes that these are related to some form of ritual, as the stones appear from their shape to be of a sacred character.

An interesting Bronze Age discovery has also been made recently in the Olchon Valley of the Black Mountains, Herefordshire. This was also accidental. During ploughing operations in a field belonging to a Mr. James Smith the shear hit a large stone which had given trouble in previous years. This was removed with crowbars, and immediately revealed a burial chamber containing a skeleton and an almost perfect earthen food vessel.

The unexpected find was immediately reported to Mr. George Marshall, F.S.A., hon. secretary of the Woolhope Club and official representative for the Preservation of Historical Monuments. After careful examination the skeleton was pronounced to be that of an adult male in early middle life who had been buried in a crouching position upon his left side. This is the first cist of the early Bronze Age ever found in Herefordshire, and is considered of more than ordinary archæological importance. A second example has since been discovered some 4 ft. away from the original find. Unfortunately the upper stone in this case was missing, and the chamber had been silted up. The remains of the first cist, however, have now been conveyed to the Museum at Hereford, where they are now in the charge of Mr. F. C. Morgan, the curator.

Another find which is setting scientists an interesting problem is that of a human skull excavated some months ago in a brickworks at Pollok, Glasgow. The skull, which is now in the Edinburgh National Museum of Antiquities, is in a semi-fossilized condition and, although difficult to date with any accuracy, appears to be a relic of the neolithic or pre-neolithic period. In the opinion of Sir Arthur Keith, who has written a report on the subject, it is probably one of the oldest ever discovered in Scotland. Many archæologists believe that it will provide the all-important link with a civilization about which at the moment very little indeed is known.

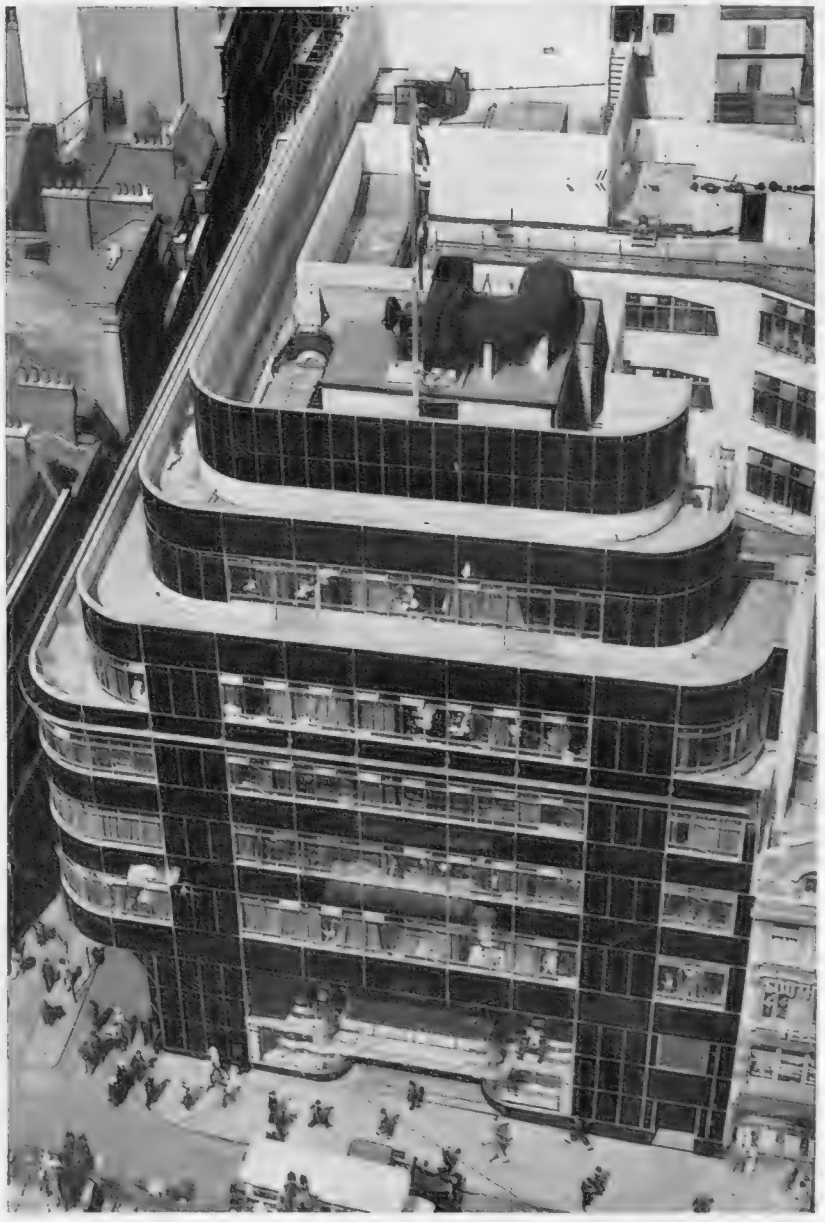
CHANGING LONDON: Paddington Caters for Increased Traffic—Another Skyscraper for Park Lane

PADDINGTON'S GREAT RE-BUILDING SCHEME: A general view, taken outside the G.W.R. terminus, showing the progress of the new extensions which, when completed, will add fifty yards to each of the main line platforms and allow of greater facilities for dealing with holiday and general traffic. The neighbouring Bishop's Road Station is also being improved to cope with a considerable increase in passengers on the west-bound suburban lines

THE SITE OF A NEW LONDON SKYSCRAPER: The L.C.C. have consented to the erection of a building of a greater height than that prescribed by law at Brook House, Park Lane—an addition which will leave still less of the old Park Lane. This picture shows the partly demolished site of the new building

AUTUMN LEAVES IN AUGUST: The long spell of dry weather has resulted in many trees in Hyde Park shedding their leaves earlier than usual. Park attendants are seen sweeping up round the bandstand

IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE: The memorial to Sir William Buxton has just had its first real clean for several years. The mosaics, now revealed without their coating of dirt, present a colourful contrast to the surrounding buildings



A NEW VIEW OF THE STREET OF INK: The offices of *The Daily Express* as seen from the spire of neighbouring St. Bride's Church. Whatever may be said of this ultra-modern addition to the varied architecture of Fleet Street, none at least can deny it the merit of originality

A QUIET CORNER OF VENICE where Mr. Roberts has been writing this week's review

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

Venice—the City of a Thousand Years of Culture: "Testament of Youth"—Miss Vera Brittain's Remarkable Autobiography—A Feminist Faces the Question of War in a Calm and Reasoned Exposition

A cannon which has just fired, proclaiming midday, has set all the bells of Venice ringing, and by a coincidence I had just reached the Venetian scene in the book I was reading. It is always interesting to observe "how it strikes a contemporary," and here is Venice observed by a young woman who happens to be on a sad pilgrimage. "Venice is all sea and sculpture . . . somehow it is like a great mausoleum; there is plenty of life in it, but the life is not the life of Venice, which one feels to have died ages ago." That is a true observation. I write now in a garden, one of those hidden, surprising gardens of Venice, and through a vista of vine leaves I have a glimpse of a loggia belonging to a palace where Pietro Aretino penned his scurrilous and blackmailing pamphlets. Yet the new and the old mingle perfectly here. In another garden, a large and lovely one over by the Giudecca, now the property of Princess Aspasia of Greece and once appropriately called the Garden of Eden from its former owner, Mr. Eden, the Princess, Lord and Lady Melchett, and myself talked of modern English literature in a loggia that looked towards a lagoon shimmering through a hot August afternoon.

And as we talked, I suddenly had a feeling that thus, one August day, other Venetians had chattered of Dante making his futile ambassadorial visit to Venice, or of Petrarch's grateful gift of his library to the Venetian State. We are all shadows in this city of a thousand years of culture. Our feet pass down the narrow, irregular Merceria, to emerge upon the breathtaking magnificence of the Piazza; Thomas Coryat or John Evelyn might be our names. Their records are still applicable. There are changes, of course, better and worse. After an absence of four years I have discovered that Venice, once a silent city, has added yet another to the noises that make her possibly the noisiest city in Europe. The growth of Porta Maghera for which the Giudecca is the sea-channel out to the Adriatic, draws a procession of liners; of great boats, whose siren blasts shatter the place by night or day. The broad water of this channel makes a perfect microphone broadcasting and magnifying the siren blasts, the churning of propellers, the beat of engines; and the houses on the *fondamenta* catch the sounds and send them ricochetting from wall to wall. Almost gone are the splendour and silence of Venetian sails, though artists are made happy by the clustering of a few in the shadow of the Customs House, great wooden boats with painted hulls and sails of orange, russet, and blue, that carry wood from Istria.

But it is not the noise of steamships, nor the machine-gun rattle of motor boats that race across these sheets of water, rocking gondolas, but delighting Italians with the speed and noise so dear to them, that appals me. I have long accustomed myself to the steamboats plying up and down the canal. Hideous anachronisms assaulting the grave palaces of the Grand Canal, they solve the problem of transport in a city where more walking is done than anywhere else, since horses, taxis, and trams there are none, only the slow gondola, picturesque but expensive. I would have argued with an irate Mr. Ruskin in their favour. But I would have joined issue with an enraged Mr. Ruskin in a battle with motor launches.

A new horror, however, would have rendered him inarticulate with rage. The radio has invaded Venice, and in Venice it has a singular viciousness as nowhere else. Apart from the acoustic property of water, audibility of the wireless is increased by the fact that most of the houses are grouped around a *campo*, a large open square, paved with stone. In the hot weather every window is open and from every window there pours forth a medley of bellowing voices. The penetrative *timbre* of the Italian voice, valuable in grand opera no doubt, only adds to the discomfort of the visitor to Venice. On the Grand Canal, down the small canals, in the narrow streets and squares, there is no escape from strident *prime donne* triumphing or dying at all hours per the Napoli-Roma-Milano broadcasting station.

Nor is there any escape on the far-famed Lido. A Luna Park, which might be freely translated as a park for lunatics, has been installed, in the fond hope that it adds to the amenities of the place, and from this the radio voice almost prevents one from hearing what the wild waves are saying. It has always been a disputed point whether Venice belongs to the Venetians or the visitors. The former claim the right to acquire anything modern that adds to their pleasure or convenience, the latter would keep Venice a museum. That contention will never end, but the modernists seem to be winning. They point with considerable pride to the new *autostrada* or motor-way which has been built connecting Venice with the mainland. Motor cars can now cross from Mestre in Europe to Venice in the Adriatic by a two mile bridge that keeps a parallel course with the railway. It must be said that the new bridge is discreet; it enables motor car traffic to come straight into the city, but no farther than the outside edge. One's fear is that, ultimately, the modernists will press their trespass and, by filling in a few canals, seek, regardless of tradition to gain direct access to the Piazza.

There is one innovation, greatly to the credit of the city, the monstrously ugly iron bridge, which one traversed to reach a museum of superb art, has vanished. As my gondola approached in the moonless night I rubbed my eyes on seeing a new bridge. It is not a thing of beauty, but it is not, like its predecessor, a thing of horror, and it is a temporary affair. It preserves the tradition of the arch, so nobly set by the Rialto Bridge (where Signor Antonio did not rate Shylock; it was upon the Rialto quay), but its wooden superstructure is somewhat reminiscent of Pekin rather than Venice.

Even so, the hideous iron bridge has vanished, and Venice is lovelier for the fact. But neither iron bridges, motor boats, sirens, nor radios can shatter a long affection for this loveliest of cities, and it remains, as Miss Vera Brittain observes in her *Testament of Youth* (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), a great mausoleum of sea and sculpture.

VERA BRITTAIN, author of the *Testament of Youth*, a new autobiography just published by Victor Gollancz

I am grateful to Mr. Gollancz for having published this very long book in the dead season of August. Otherwise I might have been tempted to skip. I have read it, every one of its 661 pages, and feel he is completely justified in the high opinion he holds of its contents. Some years ago, while visiting Cornell University, I was introduced to a young English professor of political science whose work was held in high esteem among students and staff. Then one day, over coffee, he produced a wife, a somewhat frail, dark-eyed girl, whose work as a novelist had not lifted her from obscurity. I do not think, after *Testament of Youth*, that obscurity can possibly continue. Here is something unique, notably an experience of youth involved in a cataclysm, which has been revealingly told, beautifully felt, and unerringly interpreted. The story covers the years 1900-1925. Beyond those years there is a matured woman, the mother of two lovely children. But these are not yet in this fine portrait of a life that opens in the tranquil provincial town of Newcastle-under-Lyme and proceeds *via* home and school to a V.A.D. hospital in France, Malta, and London, and thence continues into university life at Oxford. But this journey gives no indication of an intense spiritual odyssey. There is the piously drawn picture of a singularly beautiful relationship between brother and sister. There is the swift Shelley-like ebullience of young Roland the lover, touched; as so much youth of those days, with the lyrical spirit of sacrifice, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, which it is so fashionable now to mock as a form of wrong-headedness. There is much of ecstasy, of the sudden freedom that came to a generation whose conduct had been hard bound by tradition, and whose horizon was now one of full freedom, though environed with death. Even death had a dramatic panoply, and the absence of drama, the squalid inutility and futility of a brother's end, added additional anguish to his saga. Instead of the young knight falling in the face of the foe, a machine gun brought him low in the act of taking over a trench from relieved comrades. The death of Roland, on an unknown mountain plateau beyond the Piave, fell upon frail shoulders already bowed in grief.

In the vast library evoked by the War I know of nothing that surpasses in calm poignancy the passages describing the pilgrimage to that high, lonely grave within the frontiers of a new Italy, won by the sacrifice of aliens. Not least notable in a life acquainted with grief and often bereft of sympathy by a highly sensitive shrinking from communion with others, is the sanity preserved amid experiences that might have warped judgment. It is fashionable to acclaim a virile pacifism based more on abhorrence of war and blind to the ineradicable factors that produce it. Miss Brittain sees the problem clearly, and avoids mere emotion.

"It is, I think, this glamour, this magic, this incomparable keying up of the spirit in a time of mortal conflict, which constitute the pacifist's real problem—a problem still incompletely imagined, and still quite unsolved. The causes of war are always falsely represented; its honour is dishonest and its glory meretricious, but the challenge to spiritual endurance, the intense sharpening of all the senses, the vitalizing consciousness of common peril for a common end, remain to allure those boys and girls who have just reached the age when love and friendship and adventure call more persistently than at any later time. The glamour may have the mere delirium of fever, which as soon as war is over dies out and shows itself for the will-o'-the-wisp that it is, but while it lasts no emotion known to man seems as yet to have quite the compelling power of this enlarged vitality."

Never has the whole baffling problem been better stated, and by one who has had cause to suffer, as lover and sister, and may have cause to suffer, as mother. This book, of course, is the autobiography of a feminist, but even here she faces the whole question. The independence of woman does not mean for her a surrender to hostile propaganda or a mere negation of common feminine instincts. She has married, has produced children, has pursued a career, and never sought shelter from experience. As a record it states completely the emotional and social growth of a girl whose adolescence coincided with the Great War. On the masculine side we have had many and adequate records; on the feminine side there have been few, and none to approach Miss Brittain's in calm exposition and frankness.

It is not due to any deliberate artistry that this record, conceived in retrospection, calmly written in sombre truth, encompasses a happy ending. But it is comforting to the reader that after storm and battle there came healing in the presence of one who understood all. The quality of the writing and the sincerity of expression cannot be better sampled than in this final passage:

"Quite suddenly he saw me and started eagerly forward, his hands outstretched and his face a radiance of recognition, beneath his wide-brimmed hat. And as I went up to him and took his hands, I felt that I had made no mistake; and although I knew that, in a sense which would never be true of him, I was linked with the past that I had yielded up, inextricably and for ever, I found it not inappropriate that the years of frustration and grief and loss, of work and conflict and painful resurrection, should have led me through their dark and devious ways to this new beginning."

After the dip —

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MAINLY PERSONAL

THE "CHEERFUL DEAN" TAKES A HOLIDAY: Dean Inge about to play a game of croquet with his wife and his son, Richard, in the little village of Wootton, Oxfordshire, where the family are spending August. Each Sunday the Dean has preached in the village church of St. Mary

HOLLYWOOD THREATENED: Mr. Douglas Fairbanks has decided to seek naturalization and to live with his son in this country where he is planning to start a million-a-year film organization which will make London the centre of world film production. He is seen above with his son (second from right) at a party given this week at the Carlton. On the extreme right is Mr. George Grossmith

SIR HAROLD AND LADY WERNHER'S HOUSE PARTY: A group taken at Thorpe Lubenham Hall, Market Harborough, where Sir Harold entertained prior to the Rugby Polo Finals. Left to right: The Maharaj of Jaipur, Sister Agnes (nurse to the King), Miss Thain, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and Sir Harold and Lady Wernher

WELL-KNOWN SHIPOWNER'S SON MARRIED: Mr. N. K. Burton Chadwick, son of Sir Robert Burton Chadwick, whose marriage to Miss Beatrice May Booth took place last week at St. George's, Hanover Square

BISHOP GEORGE S. ARUNDALE of the Liberal Catholic Church of Australia arriving in New York on the *Majestic* with his Hindu wife. Although married for some thirteen years she still adheres both to her native faith and costume

AUTHOR AND FIREMAN: Captain Frank H. Shaw (right), whose stirring tales of the sea are known to thousands, is chief of Berkhamstead Fire Brigade—an occupation in which he takes a very active interest

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF DRAMATIC

Being the Second on the Stage of Advisers or Press Theatres: An Ed George Alexander Courteous Treatme Art of Marie Lloyd tical Joke

By PHI

The personal side of the theatre thirty years ago was still shrouded with some degree of mystery, which had for the public an attractive side and also formed a box-office asset. If the public will to-day see a good play, whatever the antics of the players in what is inaccurately described as their private lives, they are less willing to patronize a mediocre play to see an eminent actor or actress in the flesh, for that is something they can now see for nothing in the restaurant or dance club of the moment.

There are, of course, exceptions. But for the most part the lessons of the late Roman emperors, who were worshipped because of their mysterious aloofness, is ignored. Off as well as on the stage the limelight pours down. Domestic virtue is even called into play, and clean linen is washed in public assiduously. Not long ago I passed a London theatre outside which were hanging framed photographs of the leading lady romping in a hayfield with her two children. I do not think photographs ever hung outside the old Lyceum of Sir Henry Irving romping in the hay with Lawrence and "H.B."

I wrote last week that in 1908 and thereabouts great changes were imminent in the theatre but had not as yet come about. That is also true of theatrical journalism. Clement Scott and Moy Thomas no longer thundered; dramatic criticism in the morning papers was no more permitted to spread itself into an unbroken column-and-a-half, solid and formidable. That was because all papers, owing to the advent of what was then the halfpenny press, were beginning to bear a different appearance. Also, with increasing circulations, they went to press earlier, and critics could not continue into the small hours evolving their stately Macaulayesque periods.

Still, one was usually given until midnight to describe a play for a morning paper. I remember the awe with which I once shared a hansom cab back to Fleet Street with the great A. B. Walkley, a most human person in spite of a certain aloofness of manner and an ambassadorial appearance. Walkley invariably after a première cabbed it to Ludgate Circus, where in his black Inverness cloak and opera hat he would enter the same tavern (open, in those days of liberty, until 12.30 a.m.), drink a glass of Irish whisky, and then walk to Printing House Square, to turn out, in an incredibly short time, three-quarters of a column of impeccable prose for *The Times*.

One can hardly blame many of to-day's morning-paper critics for being scrappy and snappy. The first act of a play can be seen with tolerable completeness (if the critic arrives on time); the first interval is spent in asking a harassed press agent, in such moments as he can spare from dealing out free drinks, what the rest of the play is about and how it ends; in the second act the "notice" is written, and soon after ten o'clock a messenger arrives from the office for the copy.

The press agent is himself a comparatively modern development. Irving had a certain Joe Hatton attached to his staff under the description of "literary adviser," and the late Alec Knowles ("Sir Affable") was in some ways a pre-War counterpart, as was the late George Bull, one of the wittiest men I ever met, who could have turned that fine brain of his to much better account than in securing occasional publicity for the Palace Theatre.

But none of these men had to deal with the problems that confront the press agents of to-day, the majority of whom I have always found to be hard-working, competent, and cheerful folk with a job far from enviable. They have to keep on the right side of not only their employers, but of every Tom, Dick, and Harry (and in these days of the woman journalist, of every Mary, Jane, and Anne) in Fleet Street and the neighbourhood.

The press agent is, of course, helped by another modern institution, the stage gossip writer. There were writers of theatrical columns in the past — e.g. Malcolm Watson of *The Daily Telegraph*, and dear old Chance Newton of *The Referee*, who had seen over eighty Hamlets, and who peppered his always interesting conversation with such remarks as "One night I said to Phelps, 'Sam, my boy' . . ." But they confined themselves mainly to details of forthcoming production, with a proper sprinkling of reminiscence. One did not read, as one does to-day, of what an actress eats, or a dancer wears, or of a comedian's new car, or of a spot on Saturn, or in the bar at Ciro's or the Cavour.

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE: The versatile actor, manager, and dramatic author, who died during the War years at the age of sixty-three

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER: For many years the presiding genius of the St. James's Theatre. Sir George also died during the War period

EDWARD TERRY: A great comedian and manager with a remarkable gift for patter and a quite unjustified reputation for excessive meanness. He died on April 2, 1912, at the age of sixty-eight

The radical change that has come over the greater part of stage folk, particularly in their relations to the public, I would trace to (i) the Theatrical Garden Party where footlight celebrities will, for a shilling, hand you a cup of tea, pin on a buttonhole, or even shine your shoes; (ii) charity matinées during the War, when Bohemia sat on committees with Belgravia; and (iii) the more gossipy of the stage gossip writers.

The change was unavoidable. I am not even saying that, in these days when publicity has to be the breath of life, it is wholly undesirable. Nothing can stand still. But I marvel that the dignity of the stage can still stand in spite of it.

I wrote in last week's issue of THE SPHERE of London's new theatres, which are many. London's lost theatres, in the last quarter of a century, have been remarkably few. The old Avenue, where I first saw Charles Hawtrey in *The Message from Mars*, and where Sir Henry Wood used to conduct musical-comedy, has gone; but the beautiful Playhouse, squashed flat in its early stages of building through a portion of Charing Cross Station falling on it, has arisen in its place, known in the profession, from its proximity to the river, as "the seagulls' rest."

Terry's theatre has quite vanished; it stood in the Strand near what is now a Woolworth's shop and was built by Edward Terry out of his profits from Pinero's *Sweet Lavender*. It was a tiny band-box of a house, and the first theatre in London to which I had free entry, for Edward Terry was a friend of my father, who knew him well in the old Gaiety days of the Terry-Royce-Nellie Farren-Kate Vaughan combination. He was a splendid comedian, with a curiously explosive, jerky form of diction, and had, too, a great gift of patter. He was no relation to the famous Terry family, lived at Barnes, where he was a churchwarden and goodness knows what else in the way of non-Bohemian respectability, and had a reputation, I believe quite undeserved, for excessive meanness. My contradiction of Terry's meanness is, I grant, an *ex parte* statement; for when I was a schoolboy he presented me at the beginning of each term with that obsolete but most pleasant coin—a sovereign.

The last time I saw Edward Terry on the stage was in Tree's famous revival of *The School for Scandal*, at His Majesty's in 1909; he died not long after. That cast Tree himself described, in one of his best-style *mots*, as "'Hims' ancient and 'hers' modern." For it included such male veterans as Terry, old Henry Neville and the still older Hermann Vezin, who was then over eighty, while on the distaff side were the nineteen-year-old Marie Lohr, as Lady Teazle, and the equally youthful Iris Hoey.

Edward Terry's meanness was a myth. So, too, was George Alexander's snobbishness. Alexander was a canny Scot named Sampson, who was alleged to have been a shop-walker, quite an erroneous idea based on the fact that when a young man he worked in a wholesale cloth establishment in St. Paul's Churchyard.

He had a dignified manner which those who did not like him called pompousness; and he ran the St. James's with the "air" which that theatre demanded, for it was the most fashionable theatre London has ever known. Neither the theatre nor its proprietor was any the worse on that account, and both filled a demand.

Alexander was regarded, especially sartorially, as an *arbiter elegantiarum;* something like a sensation was caused, I remember, by his wearing a soft flannel collar—a very novel contraption then—in *His House in Order*. But with it all he was a fine actor, almost the equal of Wyndham in comedy, and a very courteous, kindly man. As a decidedly junior critic, I once wrote, of a new play at the St. James's, that I had found him almost inaudible. Instead of no reply at all, or a rude one, he sent a letter in which he explained that he was suffering from a relaxed throat and would I accept a couple of front-row stalls, or a box, for any performance convenient to me.

Some years later I used to meet him in Herman Finch's room at the Palace, where he was appearing in a one-act play by Max Beerbohm, *A Social Success*. Over a whisky and soda, or two, he would relax and enjoy himself thoroughly, chatting and telling yarns until long past midnight. On Saturday afternoons, when not working, he was fond of going to a matinée at the old Tivoli, and would sit in an end stall by himself. He had a profound admiration for the art of Marie Lloyd—as did no less a person than Sarah Bernhardt—and he shook with laughter at Harry Tate, a brother Scot. One afternoon when Tate was doing one of his sketches—I expect it was "Motoring"—he

HISTORY

of a Series of Articles Other Days : Literary Agents? : London's Lost ward Terry Myth : Sir the Misunderstood — His nt of the Press : The and Harry Tate : A Prac- at Drury Lane

LIP PAGE

clutched me excitedly by the arm, saying, "Look at that man. Watch how he is listening. He is an actor, a true actor. Very few know how to *listen* properly."

I always thought that George Alexander was a rather shy man. He was certainly much misunderstood.

Alexander for one season deserted his own St. James's to appear at Drury Lane. His relations with Arthur Collins were very friendly. But it would be difficult indeed to find anyone who could quarrel with Collins, the most lovable man ever concerned with the theatre.

When actors or actresses to-day tell me that the company in which they are appearing is "just one happy family," I smile—judgment reserved. But with Collins at the old Lane, with its many-tiered auditorium and its very *feel* of a theatre rather than of a super-picture palace, the thing was true.

Above all was the family element there in pantomime time. During rehearsals the principals lunched every day in the first-floor foyer at the expense of the management, and it was a hot lunch too, for Drury Lane in those times had its own kitchen, surely the only theatre to be thus equipped. Guests were usually invited and it was an invitation much relished, for if the food was simple the wit was of a high order and there was plenty of fun too. Arthur himself would sit at the head of the table, the father of the feast, passing and sampling the port which was poison to his gout. George Graves rarely failed to be at the top of his form; George R. Sims would look in to have a word about the next melodrama, and "Dagonet" was an asset to any party; Violet Loraine—her *Bing Boys* triumphs some years distant—was of the company; "Jimmy" Glover, amusing, if a trifle malicious, talked of "Gus" Harris in broad Irish and with still broader humour; and Will Evans evolved the practical jokes and leg-pulling which took him weeks to bring to fruition.

Evans on one occasion deceived the whole theatre, including Collins himself. He dressed himself up as a bearded clergyman, asked to see Collins, and explained to him that he wanted to buy thirty seats, on special terms, for his Sunday School. "And now, Mr. Collins," he said, "I have one favour to ask, I am just a country parson and have never walked across the stage of a theatre. May I just step on to your stage?" Collins, always kindness itself, consented and took him through the pass-door.

On the stage one of the carpenters, a very old man, was working, and was presented to the visitor. "How interesting!" said Evans, in a prim ecclesiastical tone. "So you have been working in this theatre for over fifty years? *You dirty old b——. You must have drunk a b——y lot of beer in your time!*"

That was not the least dramatic moment in the history of old Drury's stage.

LILIAN HARVEY in the new Fox musical romance, *My Lips Betray*, now current at the Tivoli. This film is in much the same vein as *Congress Dances*

"THE SONG YOU GAVE ME": A scene in the new British International picture at the Regal—a sophisticated comedy with Vienna as background

THE STAR OF "RIO RITA" AND "42nd STREET": Bebe Daniels as she appears in *The Song You Gave Me*

A TWICKENHAM FILM PRODUCTION: Conrad Veidt in the screen version of the late Temple Thurston's famous drama, *The Wandering Jew*

OF "CAVALCADE" FAME: Diana Wynyard in a new gown of hyacinth blue—a special creation for future film work. This outstanding British star is proving a great attraction with American picturegoers

TWEEDS tell a NOVEL TALE . . .

Suits and coats for the autumn proclaim a revival of interest in the classic lines that have made English tailoring world famous, but the story of their newness is told by deft details and interesting fabrics. The suit on the left, for instance, is in brown and white Cheviot finished tweed in a broken chevron design, interwoven with yellow knots. Yellow chrome insets and square yellow and blue buttons take up this colour note, while the slender skirt, with its four pleats, and the jacket with its pig's-ear revers and high neckline, give the accepted silhouette for the coming months. Made by Burberry's, of Haymarket, it is compenioned by the coat on the left at the foot of this page. This can be made to match or in any other material, its pleated sleeve, and the clever working of the stitched seams at the back giving it an air of enviable distinction

An opportunity that should not be missed is afforded by Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, who, until September 8, are making special offers in their Made-to-Order Coat and Skirt Department. The Tasmanian red angora suit shown on the right can, during this period, be made-to-measure for only 12½ guineas. Trimmed with civet cat—a fur that will be much in evidence this autumn—it has a well-shaped cape collar with the ends folded over at the throat, and a slender skirt with a sloping panel. The curved line below the waist is one that is certain to win popularity, for it is universally becoming. The admirable three-piece above is of stone and natural-coloured tweed, the suit worn with a dark brown suede belt and trimmed with dark buttons. The jacket has four pockets and the skirt has a pleat at each side of the front and back panels. Details that should be noted in connection with the overcoat are the loose raglan sleeves, with a stitched seam to give subtle width to the shoulders, the fall-back collar and wide revers, and the stitched seam down the centre of the back. This outfit can be made to measure for 16½ guineas

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Advance Models for the Autumn Season are now ready for customers' inspection.

Special Between-Seasons' Prices prevail in order to keep our workrooms busy during August. In the Tea Gown Salon a special feature is made of Gowns for the figure of fuller proportions.

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THE NEW ROAD SIGNS: Sand-moulding one of the new warning signs at the Royal Labels Factory at Stratford-on-Avon. These signs will shortly be erected throughout the country

MORE SYMBOLS TO BE LEARNT: Three of the recently approved road warnings being packed ready for despatch at the Royal Labels Factory

CHECKS TO CHECK ACCIDENTS: A new permanent non-skid paving composed of granite blocks which it is claimed will minimize accidents, has recently been tested in London

A MASCULINE NOTE AT A FEMININE SHOW: A competitor in pseudo-masculine attire at the recent Feminine Concours d'Elégance at Le Touquet

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

Next Year's Austins — Carbon Monoxide Dangers — The Position Regarding White Lines — Trams *v.* Trolley-buses

The first of the 1934 programmes was recently announced by Sir Herbert Austin at the famous Longbridge works at Birmingham. Alterations and additions to the 1933 models have been made in plenty. To start with, the new programme consists of fifty distinct models ranging from £105 to £595. There are cars to suit all tastes, from the humble two-seater on the well-known Seven chassis to a full-sized limousine on the Twenty chassis.

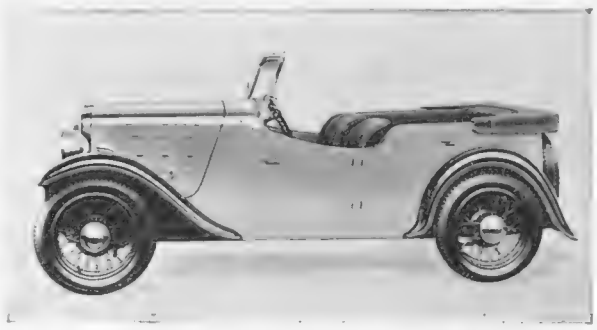
The most important new feature common to all models is the introduction of a synchro-mesh gear-box. Then on many chassis, including the Ten-Four, we find a lowered cross-braced frame, giving greater rigidity and allowing a much lower car to be produced. Another interesting feature is the provision of alternative engines for the Sixteen and the Light Twelve-Six. At no extra charge the customer may have an engine larger than that fitted before if he chooses. Naturally the tax and the running costs are slightly higher, but many owners rightly believe that the extra power is worth those extra few coppers.

A new Sixteen Carlton Saloon on a long wheelbase chassis is available.

For the devotees of sports cars, there is a new Ten-Four Sports four-seater, and the Greyhound Light Twelve-Six Sports Saloon in addition to the well-known Sports Two-Seater on the Seven chassis and the Ten-Four Sports Tourer.

Prices, as foreshadowed, have advanced, but only slightly, but as improvements such as synchro-mesh gear-boxes have been added the value of the cars is certainly not less. The hundred guinea Austin Seven still remains at that price.

The great General Medical Council have recently been trying to make our flesh creep by publicly drawing our attention to the ever-increasing danger of more or less general poisoning through motor car exhaust fumes Everyone knows that the exhaust gases from a motor car engine contain carbon monoxide, and again there is no argument—this gas is a deadly poison. Frequently we hear of cases where car owners have been accidentally or deliberately poisoned by staying in a garage with the engine running and the doors closed. It is not until we ask what proportion of carbon monoxide in the atmosphere is necessary to permanently injure a human being that we come into the realms of argument and doubt. Whether we shall ever get a definite answer to this query seems doubtful, and even if we do it is exceedingly unlikely that that proportion will ever be reached in the open atmosphere of an ordinary street. Where a long tunnel for road traffic is built it is always found necessary to make provision for changing the atmosphere fairly rapidly. Such precautions are vitally necessary, for on more than one occasion large numbers of deaths have been caused in America through the extraction machinery failing whilst a tunnel was being used by large numbers of motor vehicles. The conditions in a tunnel, however, are very different from those of even a narrow street bounded by high buildings. I really do not consider that we should take too much notice of what our medical friends are pleased to tell us on this point. I think they rather love to emphasize the danger side, but I for one will not worry because until the medical profession obtains some degree of unanimity on such common matters as the cause of colds and eczema I do not think it is necessary to keep ourselves too much awake as to how to overcome their heralded danger. In our time, I feel certain, we shall not see policemen or postmen or anyone else whose duty keeps them on the city streets being served out with gas masks in order to keep them alive.



THE AUSTIN TEN-FOUR: The Austin range now includes a Sports Tourer body on the Ten-Four chassis with the attractive appearance that typifies that style of car. Direction indicators are included in the standard equipment

If I were asked what has contributed most towards the safety of our roads during the past ten years I would without hesitation quote the white lines on corners. I think these marks on the road have taught many a driver that on going round a bend it is more than ever necessary to keep to the correct side of the road. Even if the cost of upkeep of these lines is comparatively heavy I still think that they are well worth the money. At the same time motorists should not become too obsessed with the importance of the white line even if there is a policeman close at hand. When a white line bend is reached and some vehicle blocks the way in front on account of its slow speed it is not necessarily an offence to cross over the white line and take the wrong side of the road, though, of course, if any accident does occur the driver of the car crossing the white line will find it exceedingly difficult to absolve himself from blame. My only object in making this point is to rub it well in that as matters are at the moment it is not necessarily an offence to cross over to the wrong side of a white line.

It is a pity, of course, that the positions of white lines are not approved directly by the Ministry of Transport. We have all come across places where their presence on the surface is quite unnecessary, and of course this abuse or over-multiplication has the effect of diminishing the otherwise wholesome respect that would be paid to them at danger points.

I am really being forced to the opinion that thoughtlessness is an increasing crime of motorists. Practically no day goes by without my coming into contact with some glaring example of road selfishness which I think can be truthfully attributed to thoughtlessness. Only the day before I write these notes have I been the victim of such misdeeds on the part of others. Both these examples occurred at Brooklands, and were really bad cases. First was on the occasion of a race meeting when the driver of a large, expensive motor car coolly left his vehicle before there was any congestion at all, right across a footpath which was the only means of spectators going from one enclosure to another. True, they could still gain their objective, but only by walking all round the car. No other vehicle was parked within 100 yards of this car, so that there were a thousand other positions where it could have been placed without causing anyone any inconvenience. The second example was another case of bad parking. Here the owner of a car had so left it that it completely blocked the entrance to an important building.

Again, in this case there was no possible excuse as I happened to have been watching the driver pulling up, and he could have deposited his car elsewhere without causing anyone anxiety. A third instance came to my notice at a popular riverside rendezvous not far from Oxford. Here again the drivers of two cars left their vehicles unattended so as to block completely the through way for people going to their caravans, tents, and boats. What is even more amazing was that when the drivers were discovered they completely omitted to express any regret for having caused inconvenience. People who do things like this are obviously the very type that cause accidents on the road.

Surrey is famous for its beautiful country, and apparently the County Council intends to keep it so. I refer to the new by-law which will prevent hideous petrol-filling stations being erected. This lays down rules for the building of the station, the colour to be adopted, the size of the name of the owner and of the advertisements, and the type of lettering in such signs. The colour suggested, except in certain cases, is dark green with a semi-glossy finish. In some parts of the county these stations are prohibited. As I think that this matter calls for further comment I hope to return to it later on.

During the last year or so many tramway systems have changed over to the trolley-bus in an effort to keep up with the times. I do not think anyone will gainsay me when I state that the trolley-bus is a great improvement on its predecessor in every sense of the word. It is much more mobile, definitely more comfortable, faster, and safer. It can swing from one side of the road to the other and can, therefore, steer clear of any obstruction. Trams have often been the indirect, if not the direct, cause of many accidents, and as they had just the set course to follow it was up to the other road users to keep out of their way. I think it was the opinion of many tram drivers that the part of the road on which their track was laid was for their exclusive use.

Naturally when the road was wide enough drivers of other vehicles gave them a clear passage, but the width of the road did not always permit this, and if a tram happened to be in front of a string of vehicles it was just a case of follow-my-leader until the road widened. The authorities have apparently realized that this antiquated method of transport should be scrapped, for I understand that they are considering the feasibility of changing over to the trolley-bus in the metropolis itself.

B R I T A I N ' S . D E P E N D A B L E . C A R

AUSTIN

From the small factory of 1905, covering 2½ acres and turning out 120 cars in its first working year to the huge factory of to-day, covering 220 acres, and employing 14,000 British workers . . . this progress indicates the measure of public confidence in Austin Cars.

"Above all, dependability *continues to be our guiding policy in building the Austin car, and I wish to assure the motoring public that the numerous developments we now announce will prove in service fully as reliable as the cars to which they are applied."*

H. Austin.

New Programme and Developments

- **SYNCHROMESH GEARBOX ON ALL MODELS**
- **CROSS-BRACED FRAMES**
- **ALTERNATIVE ENGINES**
- **NEW SIXTEEN ON LONG WHEELBASE CHASSIS**
- **NEW TWELVE-SIX SALOON ON DROP FRAME**
- **DIRECTION INDICATORS ON ALL MODELS**

The outstanding feature of the new Austin Programme is the inclusion of *Synchromesh Gearboxes* on all models—Synchromesh that makes the novice an expert with the gear lever, giving noiseless, effortless gear-changing . . . The introduction of *Cross-Braced Frames* provides an even wider margin of strength and safety—frames designed to ensure complete rigidity and stability under any road conditions . . .

Two *Alternative Engine Ratings* are available in the Sixteen range, *without extra charge,* namely the usual 16 h.p. power unit, or an entirely new higher powered engine rated at 18 h.p.—while in the Twelve-Six range the choice of either a 13.9 h.p. or a 15.9 h.p. engine is offered . . .

An entirely *New Sixteen Saloon on a long wheelbase* of 10 ft. is introduced —a car still more spacious and handsome, and with considerably improved riding quality . . . *Also a new body, the Ascot,* on the Twelve-Six drop-frame, cross-braced chassis, provides a car of finer appearance, better all-round performance, greater stability and road-holding qualities—a car specifically designed for easy cleaning . . .

Then there are the new *Sports Models*—an attractive Ten-Four Sports Tourer, and a handsome low-built Greyhound speed-saloon on the special Twelve-Six chassis. With these, the Twelve-Six Sports Tourer and Sports Seven Two-Seater, Austin now offers a notable sports range . . .

Also in the new programme, which provides a choice of 50 distinct models, there are many other developments including improved brakes, new axles, and supplementary refinements such as metal covers to the spare wheels, new interior visors and direction indicators.

THE COMPLETE RANGE . . . 50 Models

(PRICES EFFECTIVE AUGUST 15th)

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

THE AUSTIN SEVEN

Saloon De Luxe	£128
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£118
Four-seater Tourer	£112 10s.
Two-seater Tourer	£105
Sports Two-seater	£152

AUSTIN TEN-FOUR

Saloon De Luxe	£172 10s.
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£158
Cabriolet	£178
Open Road Four-seater	£152
Two-seater	£152
Sports Tourer	£215

AUSTIN LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR

Ascot Saloon De Luxe	£218
Harley Saloon De Luxe	£208
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£188
Open Road Tourer	£172 10s.
Eton Two-seater	£172 10s.

AUSTIN TWELVE

Berkeley Saloon	£295
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£275
Westminster Saloon	£325
Open Road Tourer	£265
Harrow Two-seater	£265

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

AUSTIN LIGHT TWELVE-SIX

(with 13.9 h.p. or 15.9 h.p. engine)

Ascot Saloon De Luxe	£235
Harley Saloon De Luxe	£225
Saloon (Fixed Head)	£205
Open Road Tourer	£200
Eton Two-seater	£200
Sports Tourer	£275
Greyhound Sports Saloon	£305

AUSTIN SIXTEEN

(with 16 h.p. engine or new 18 h.p. engine)

Carlton Saloon	£328
(Long Wheelbase - 10 ft.)	
Iver Saloon (with division)	£333
(Long Wheelbase - 10 ft.)	
Berkeley Saloon	£318
Westminster Saloon	£348
Open Road Tourer	£295
Harrow Two-seater	£295

AUSTIN TWENTY

Ranelagh Limousine	£595
(11 ft. 4 in. Wheelbase)	
Ranelagh Landaulette	£595
(11 ft. 4 in. Wheelbase)	
Whitehall Saloon	£515
(10 ft. Wheelbase)	

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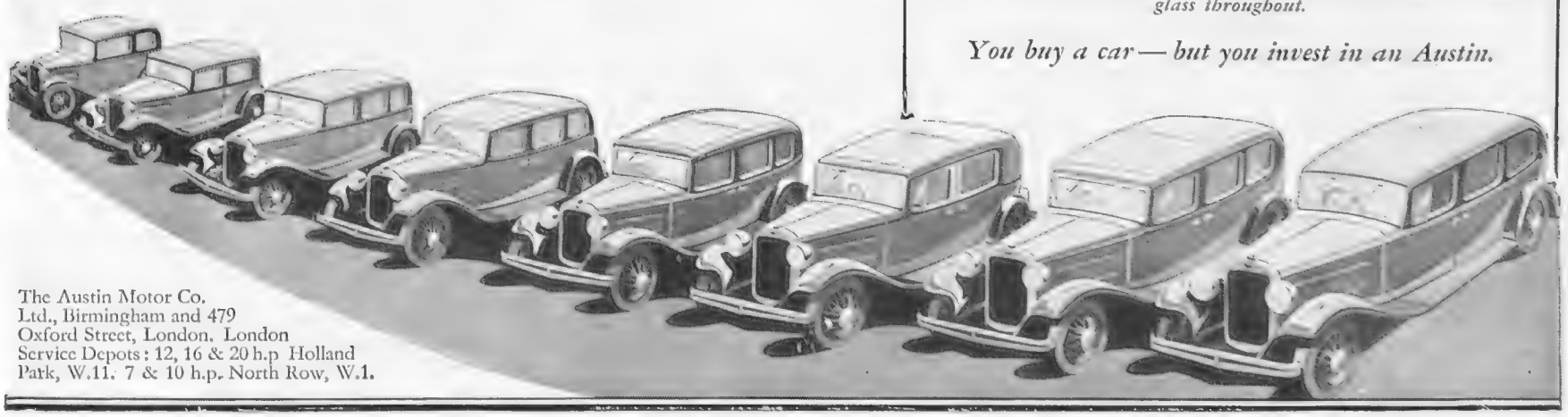

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1.

The CHARM of the EAST ANGLIAN COAST

From Oil Sketches by C. A. MELLON

The coasts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, which together comprise East Anglia, can boast of a very large number of delightful resorts, from the typical seaside town which blazons forth its countless attractions from posters in every railway station, to the smaller less pretentious place, which is an old and tried favourite with people whose chief requirement is a safe sandy beach where their young family may play without the constant vigilance of the parental eye. Both types of place, however, can offer at least one mutual attraction to the visitor—miles of firm yellow sands for which the East Anglian coast is famous, and which are so often backed by steep high cliffs.

The four sketches of Gorleston-on-Sea here reproduced are from the brush of that very able artist, Mr. C. A. Mellon, who has so frequently depicted the charms of East Anglia. Gorleston is one of the above-mentioned smaller towns, and is a near but sedate neighbour of Great Yarmouth. It occupies a splendid position on high ground at the entrance to Yarmouth Harbour, so that on even the most sultry day there is a fresh sea breeze to leave on one's lips the salty tang of the North Sea. Great Yarmouth is the greatest herring-fishing port in the kingdom, and the sturdy old fishermen are held in considerable awe by the rising generation, while the comings and goings of the fishing smacks seem to fascinate both old and young alike.

GORLESTON-ON-SEA

A delightful sketch of a secluded beach made from Corton Cliffs

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

Another sketch made by Mr. Mellon at Gorleston. Exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1930

THE BEACH HUTS

A children's seaside paradise on the East Anglian coast

MAKING FOR SHELTER

Heading for the harbour as a squall springs up on the East Coast

ONE GOOD DRINK suggests another . . .

whether you feel like a Whisky and Soda, Gin and Tonic, a Tonic Water, a Ginger Ale, a Lemonade, a Palato (Sparkling Orange) or one of the two new Sparkling Fruit Drinks—"Lemon" or "Grape Fruit."

–therefore **Schweppes**

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE SEASON'S ANNEXE

(Continued from p. 320)

countryside. But it is undoubtedly the right thing to do to be there and to pretend to enjoy it. This very day there are Gatherings at Crieff, Perth, and Nairn. On Tuesday there are the Lochnaber games, followed by the Breadalbane Gathering and the games at Skye, Ballater, Dunoon, and Dunkeld. In the first ten days of September are the Aboyne games, the Gathering at Braemar, and the games at Pitlochry with the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban on September 13 and 14, the Northern Meeting at Inverness on September 14 and 15, and the games and balls, also at Inverness, on September 21 and 22. At the Royal Braemar Meeting you see the Farquharsons, the Duffs, and the Balmoral Highlanders marching past the King and Queen. House parties are being held all over Scotland at the moment for the games, the fishing, and the grouse shooting. On September 1, the partridge becomes vulnerable, to use a bridge phrase. Norfolk and Suffolk and other countries where this admirable bird is to be found fill up as if by magic with sportsmen, some of whom are happy to have a go while the birds are not yet strong on the wing.

My American friend is going to have a busy time if he proposes to follow the Season to the bitter end. It will mean zig-zagging from Oban to Cambridgeshire by way of York for the great Ebor Handicap, and back again to Doncaster for the St. Leger (I hope he backs Mr. Esmond's stable, Sans Peine and Foxhunter); not to miss anything he should spend a day or two at Harrogate (he will be sure to find Royalty there); see the death of the polo season in England at the Beaufort Club Tournament at Norton; race at Newbury and Newmarket in the last ten days of September; and shoot pheasant on October 1. If he is still alive and breathing he will probably be glad of the long sea voyage back to New York, and will be wondering after all whether it is America or Great Britain which takes its social round the more seriously. Even then he will have missed the Proms, Clyde week, and the Perth Ball.

A NEW LOURDES?

(Continued from p. 324)

delivering his "secret" Côme stood in a swirling mob hemmed in by doctors watching him stutter and nearly faint. When they asked him to intercede for a physical miracle he did so and "the figure faded out to music." And very shortly after orders such as this rang out: "Stretcher cases from Xville to Number 10 platform without delay." And so on; until the tragic exodus was completed.

Now "cures" are cropping up fairly frequently, for Beauraing has been established. It has divided Belgium in twain. It is under constant discussion. The scoffers and the credulous. The former are very severe on the Church for its not having scotched the whole business. Instead, the Church took up an attitude of "it is all very remarkable but we must go very carefully" and that was understood by the credulous as acceptance. The former country village, for its part, is being transformed into a large-scale pilgrim centre. A plot that last year would have cost £10 goes easily for £2,000. Thirty stop-gap restaurants and hotels have been hastily run up, but proper ones will be there next year and also all the usual fittings; a panorama—cinemas, chapels, shops, and stores selling literature and relics, factories turning out special statues and medals, tourist offices and the like, bars and brasseries galore and all the set paraphernalia, from chipped potatoes to ice-cream—which the tripper calls into being. The children's houses have been bought, also their wardrobes. As for Côme, he gets fifty letters a day, freely with enclosures, asking him to pray for So-and-so, while other people arrive to touch his hand, nor all the newspaper disclosures that he billeted and commandeered for the Germans during the Occupation have stemmed the ardour in his regard.

And that is the swift, meteoric story of Beauraing. I had almost said its miracle. In the depths of depression this Ardennes village alone looks forward to thumping times. The builders will be at it plaster and drills all winter. Next year a small town will greet the eye, and later will come the Basilica. The inhabitants for miles around are in on the ground floor. The place is made.

THE QUESTION OF THE ELGIN MARBLES

(Continued from p. 323)

comparison with the cast taken of the figure of one particular caryatid under discussion showed that the exposed figure had suffered grave deterioration. Another writer saw the same figure looking lambent and glowing in the wonderfully clear atmosphere, and so on.

It will be useful, therefore, to give some idea of the actual amount of damage done to the riders and horses which figure in the metope panels running round the exterior of the Parthenon. Their position can be seen in the view of the temple given here. The photographs reproduced here were obtained as the result of the efforts of a young German photographer, who was allowed to erect scaffolding for the purpose of getting into a position which allowed excellent pictures to be taken at close range. In comparison with the previous casts, they show unmistakable evidence of the damage done during recent decades. In one case the whole head of a rider has broken off. Parts of the horses have also vanished, and the whole surface appears to have been attacked.

LONDON SETS THE PACE

Accompanied by a running commentary, in which the noteworthy details of each model were pointed out in a most amusing and instructive manner, the first of the Autumn Dress Shows at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, W., was an overwhelming success. Never before has such a show been held as early as August 15, and so great was the interest it aroused that the applications for tickets outnumbered the seating accommodation by many hundreds, and four extra parades had to be held during the week.

An admirable collection of little suits was shown, for these will play an important part in the new mode. High necked, with slender skirts, they were made in tweeds and woollen materials, in angoras, and in jersey fabrics, at prices ranging from 79s. 6d. Short jackets, three-quarter length coats, and sac coats all played their parts, and so perfectly were they cut and made that it became increasingly evident that London is more and more entitled to regard itself as a fashion centre which cannot be ignored.

Although this show was actually coincident with the Paris Expositions, several models from the leading French houses were displayed. Among them was Schiaparelli's new tube-like evening dress with its taffeta-lined hem, and three evening models from Augusterbernard, all showing the new straight line in front with all movement concentrated at the back. Lucille Paray had contributed an ankle-length afternoon frock in brown marocain (afternoon dresses are back again!), and so cleverly catered for were the needs of the small woman, the large woman, and she who is short and broad, that dress problems simply ceased to exist.

Any or all of the clothes shown may be seen in the various departments, where inquiries will be welcomed.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A most earnest appeal is made for the New *Arethusa* Training Ship, moored in the Medway near Rochester, where 230 poor boys are now being trained for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. This great work of training poor boys for the two great Sea Services must be carried on, and readers of THE SPHERE are asked to help by sending donations to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, where they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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The finest mixture
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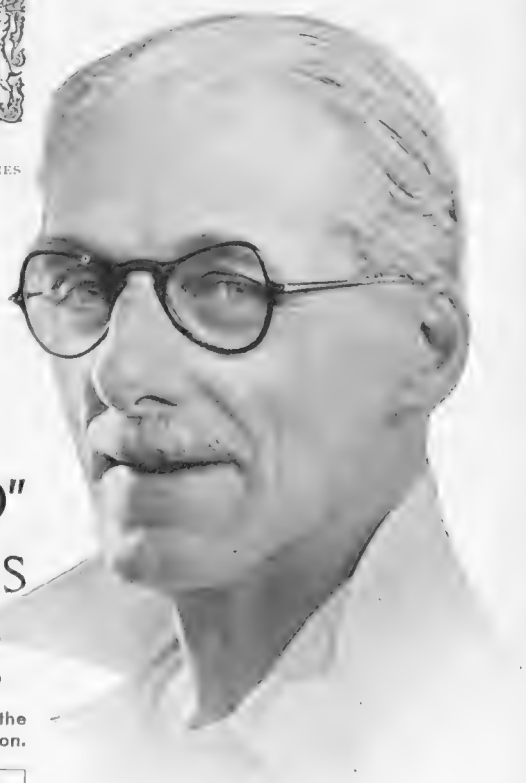
P.A.32

OPTICIANS
BY APPOINTMENT TO THEIR MAJESTIES
THE KING AND THE QUEEN.



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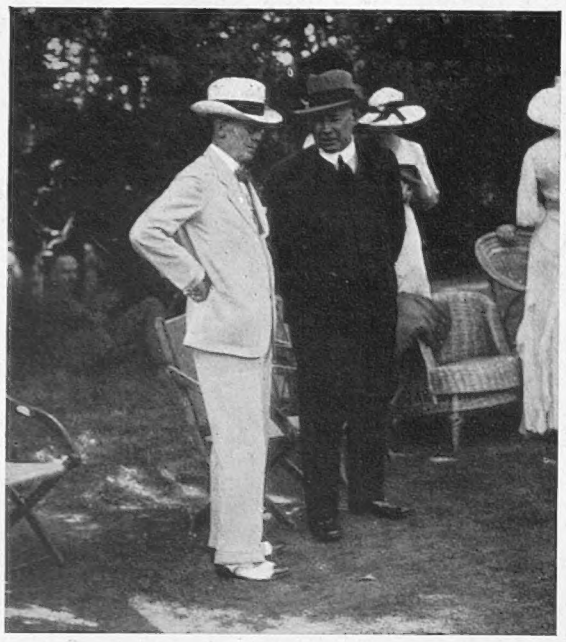

MR. T. W. PASCOE RUTTER, Governor of the London and Lancashire Insurance Co., chatting with Mr. Charles Hendry, General Manager, at a recent garden party given to commemorate Mr. Rutter's sixty years association with the company

THIS TUNNY BUSINESS

(Continued from p. 312)

will offer you the finest sport with rod and line obtainable in these islands.

But I am bound to say that to-day, when the daily newspapers are sending their slickest reporters hot-foot to Scarborough, when the live wires of Wardour Street are joining in, and when the fish slabs of Billingsgate are carrying a new cargo, I am a little amused when I reflect that no less than eight years ago that excellent marine biologist and ornithological historian of East Anglia, Mr. Arthur H. Patterson, of Great Yarmouth, wrote to me and said that he had sighted tunny in the North Sea as far back as 1921, and that he had had suspicions of their presence since 1912.

And I suppose it is about two years ago that I took a guest, Captain David Wolfe-Murray, into that piscatorial abode of Allah, the Flyfisher's Club, and stunned the assembled multitude by introducing him as "Here's a man who has killed a thousand tunny in the North Sea." He had! Since then he has killed more.

Captain Wolfe-Murray is attached to the deep sea fishing fleet. He spends weeks at sea under all conditions of weather. And when the tunny raid the nets, tear great holes in them, and do pounds and pounds' worth of damage, he stands on deck and shoots them with a rifle. So you see this tunny business is perhaps not quite so new after all.

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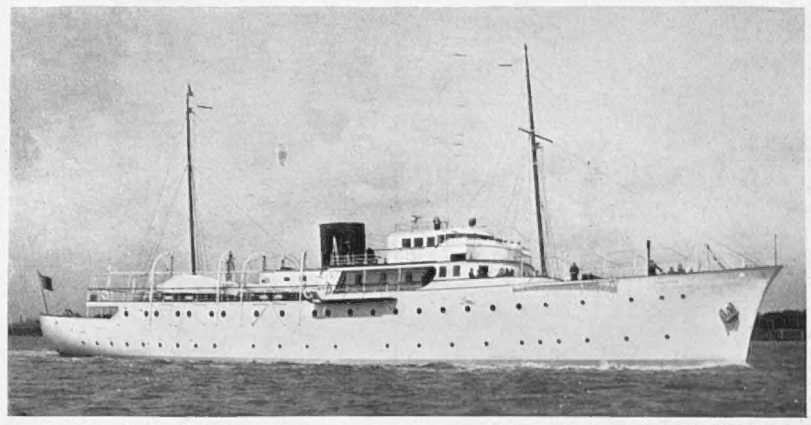
THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE FAR EAST

Travellers to and from the Far East or Australia and New Zealand, whether for business or pleasure, may effect a considerable saving of time by taking the Empire Short Route via Canada, westward over the Atlantic by fast Empress and Duchess liners, across Canada by Canadian Pacific fast Trans-Continental trains, and westwards across the Pacific by the great white Empresses to China and Japan, or to Australia and New Zealand by the Canadian-Australasian liners. Stop over facilities are granted which enable passengers to view the Niagara Falls, Canadian Rockies, etc. Particulars may be had on application to Canadian Pacific, 62/65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of THE SPHERE'S Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of THE SPHERE, 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered.



THE LAST WORD IN BRITISH STEEL YACHTS: The T.S.M.Y. *Trenora*—a fine new vessel capable of a speed of over 15 knots. This up-to-date craft has just been completed by Messrs. Thornycroft to the order of a customer in Paris. Her over-all length is 210 ft. and she displaces 821 tons (Thames measurement). Her Diesel engines, of the Polar-Atlas two-stroke type, drive twin screws

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden, mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies, setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder, and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

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THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen	The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Branksome Dene Hotel
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Do.	Old Ship Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Bude	Falcon Hotel
Do.	Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Coniston	Raeburn Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Do.	York Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	"Donnington," Enys Road
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham	Woodside Residential Hotel & Country Club
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Harrogate Hydro Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey	Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lewes	The Shelleys Hotel
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
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London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
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Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
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Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lundin Links, Fife	Lundin Links Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Porthcawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Do.	Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som.	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
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